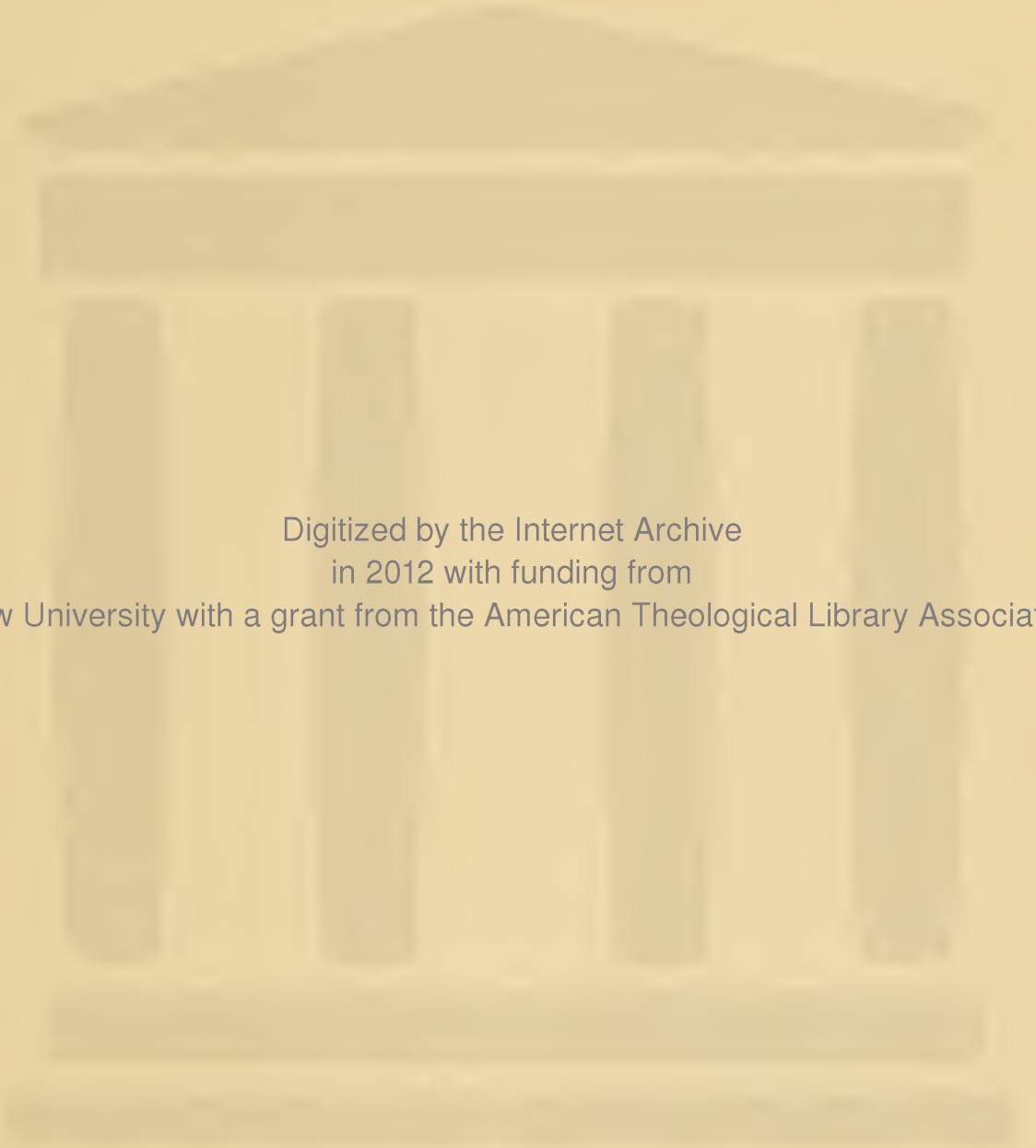

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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

JULY 1970

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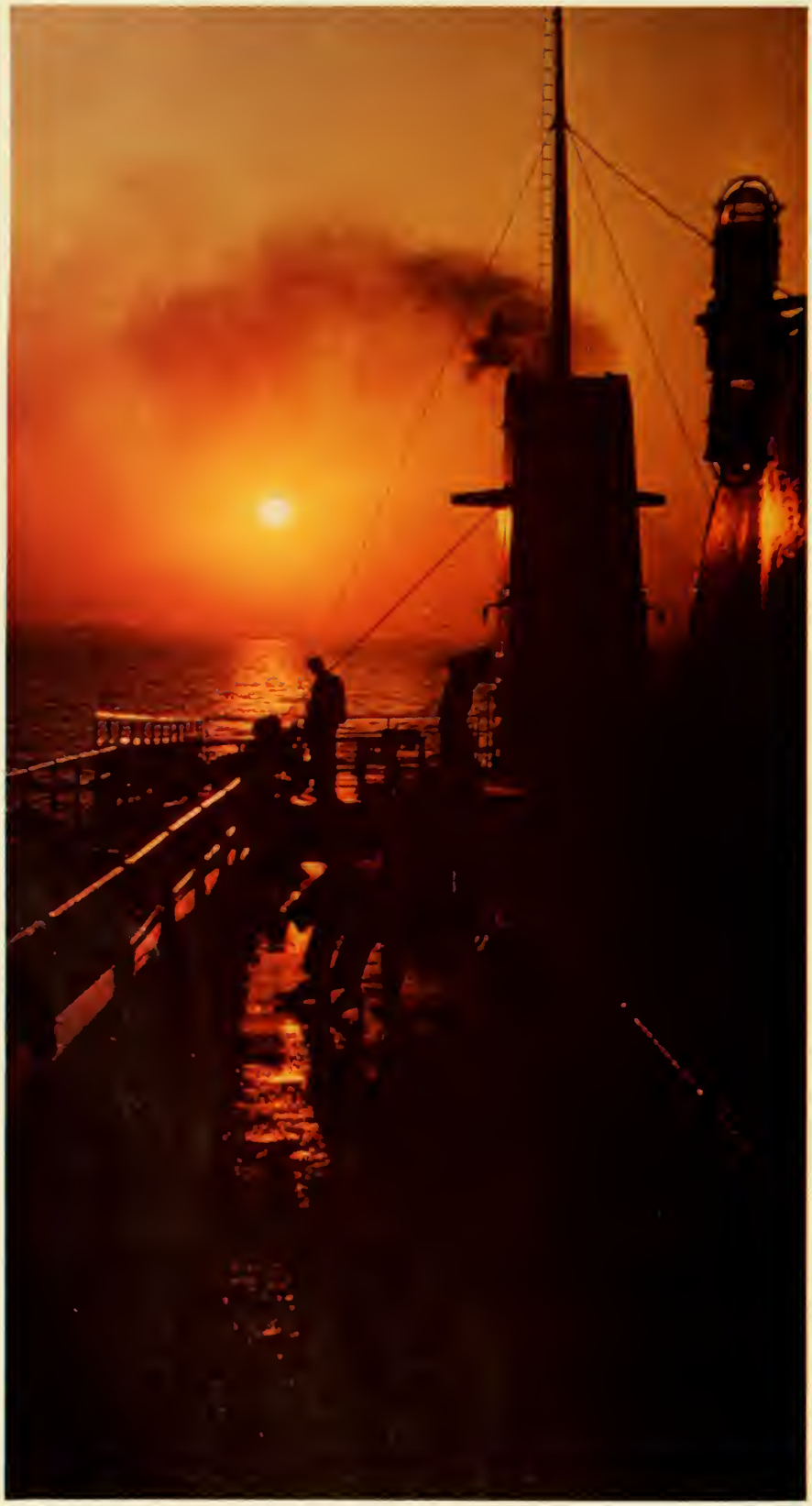
Sea Island Poverty
Report From St. Louis: The 1970 General Conference
How to Help Your New Minister

Sierra High-Country Hike [page 22]



ALONG PROPERTY LINES

I would like to be your friend.
How can I?
You have built a private world.
Posted high
On your fence is a sign:
Come This Far.
Yet, how carefully hidden
You are
Behind polite discussions
Of the weather.
The greater loneliness is one
We face together.

—Jo Grimm

A hiker in the high Sierros pouses beside o loke bockgrounded by o ronge of sentinel peoks looming high in the summer sky. To such ploces the Rev. Dodds B. Bunch hos often led youth groups who find that these mountain fastnesses offer more than their own reword. Not only is the scenery breathtoking; here one finds himself closer to God's naturol wonders, to himself—and to others—os Mrs. Corol Amen points out in ***Sierra High-Country Hike,*** color pictorial which you will find on pages 22-26.

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FOR UNITED METHODIST FAMILIES

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HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough garbage to feed a family of six in India. In fact, the average dog in America has a higher protein diet than Margaret!

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal would be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because now she has help from CCF. And for only $10 a month you can co-sponsor a child like her, who needs your love. Our co-sponsorship plan helps children in projects where the need is so great that several sponsors must be found for each child.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Hong Kong and Taiwan (Formosa). (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to co-sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most.
I will pay $10 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____
Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot co-sponsor a child but want to give $_____
☐ Please send me more information

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Address_____

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Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

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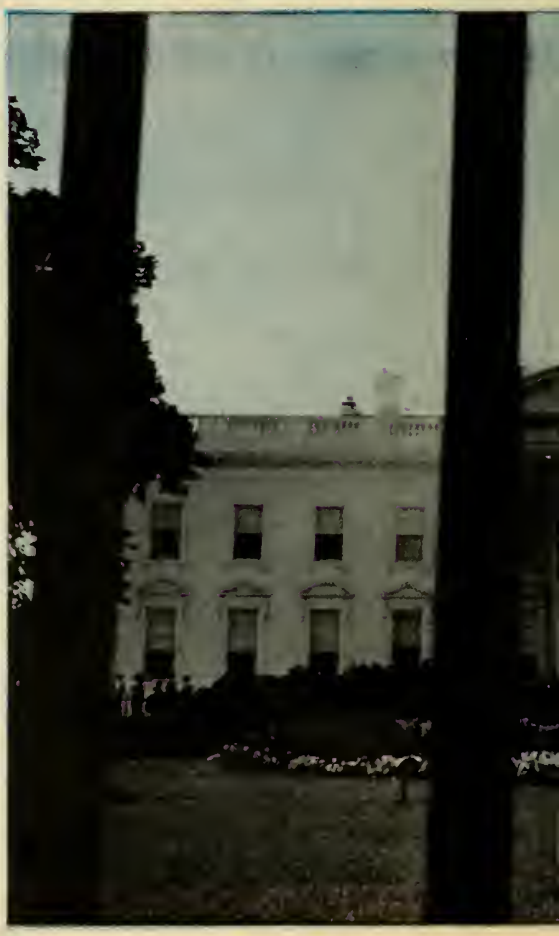
Litany for the State

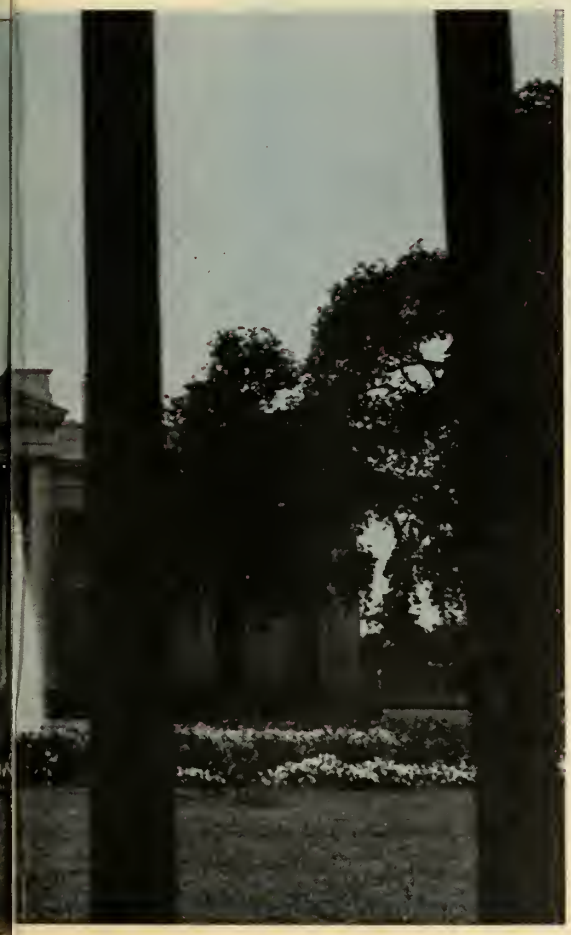
Text by **David J. Randolph** / Pictures by **George P. Miller**

Life is not pretty as these scenes are, O God. But life is brief as these messages must be. Help me to see through the superficial to my concrete responsibilities in the world, and get the message through that your Kingdom is coming on earth. Amen.

For great men who serve you in government,
We give you thanks, O God.
For cherry blossoms which may praise you,
We give you thanks, O God.
For log fences from the past
And blue skies which beckon us to the future,
We give you thanks, O God.



For the White House
we pray, O Lord, and
those who dwell therein;
And the red-brick ghetto house
And the tar-paper shack,
And the Indian hogan,
And the tents,
And mobile homes,
And suburban split-levels,
And colonial mansions,
And college dormitories,
And bunkhouses, and . . .



The world is so full of needy people, God.
Let me help them in the midst of their pain.
But don't let me get stabbed.
Let me put food in their hungry mouths.
But don't let me get raped. . . .
God, help me to see that there is no service without risk.
And give me courage to take the risk.

For the church we pray, God.
Turn her upside down.
  Let her spires
  stab the earth
  into awareness.
Let her people be upset
  at the world's injustice.
And restore her, chastened,
  to an upright position
  that she may upset the world.
Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Latin American Leaders Report on Methodism South of the Border

Start in Mexico and travel through Central and South America to Argentina, and you could go twice the distance across the United States. Crossing the borders of many countries, you would meet people who live worlds apart but who in some respects share a common heritage.

Not being able to make such a trip, TOGETHER Associate Editor Newman Cryer met with four visiting bishops of autonomous Latin American Methodist Churches at the General Conference in St. Louis last April. These leaders, from Peru, Mexico, Brazil, and Argentina, report that young people are prodding the church to show more social and political concern. A revolution is shaking the foundations of Roman Catholicism. Pentecostal churches are the fastest growing in South America. And missionaries are still needed south of the border.

Responses of the Latin American leaders to questions are excerpted from two hours of conversation.

Bishop Wenceslao Bahamonde was elected in the Methodist Church of Peru last January when it became autonomous. He was formerly a pastor and a conference executive.

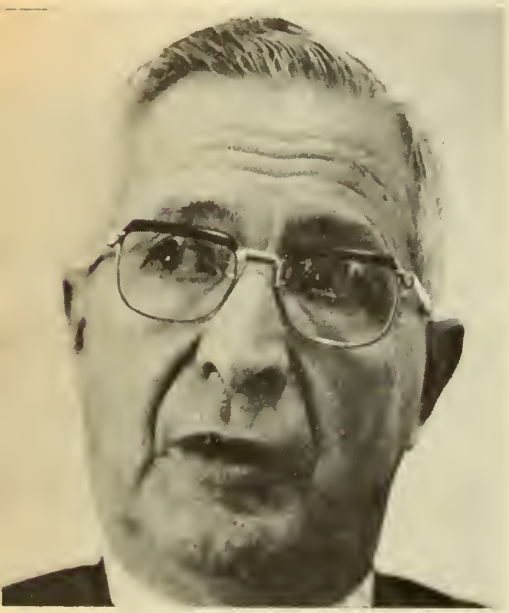
We understand there is a wide span of socioeconomic and cultural groups in Latin America. To what groups do the Methodist people minister in your countries?

Bishop Bahamonde: In Peru we minister to the large Indian population in the Andean mountains and to the hard working poor in the squatter areas around our cities. Many of our congregations also serve the lower middle class, as in the other countries.

Bishop Ruiz: In Mexico the Methodist Church serves basically two groups.

The approach in the cities is mainly toward the middle class. But about 85 percent of our work is in the rural areas where most of the people are poor.

Bishop Gattinoni: I think the history of Central Church in Buenos Aires has been repeated all over Argentina. It began with the very poorest people in the lowest strata of our society. As the years passed, the church ministered more and more to people in higher economic levels. Today we are mostly a middle-class church. While the middle class covers a wide spectrum, we definitely are not touching the masses of working-class people, nor aristocratic fringe of society.



Bishop Joso Pinheiro was first elected in 1933, has been reelected continuously since then in the Methodist Church of Brazil. Before that he was superintendent of the Methodist Orphans Home.

Is the size of the middle class increasing in Latin America?

Bishop Ruiz: One of the outstanding phenomena in the life of Mexico during the past two decades has been the growth of the middle class. The gap between the poor people and the rich is being filled by a growing middle class. New industry, new sources of work, and more schools have provided opportunities for the people at the lower economic levels to move upward in their socio-economic situation.

Bishop Gattinoni: My impression is that the middle class in Argentina is inclined to conserve the status quo. It is not a dynamic transforming element in society but seems to be against any important change taking place. On the other hand, the students, who come out of this class of society, are revolutionary in their attitude and link themselves with the goals of the working classes.

Do you feel the church is losing or gaining in its sense of mission in your countries?

Bishop Ruiz: There is a very strong reaction in favor of the evangelistic mission of the church. It does not mean forgetting other areas of our church, but perhaps because the whole Protestant church in Mexico is on the conservative side, theologically, we think of our mission more as an evangelistic force.

Bishop Gattinoni: Many of our churches in Argentina have deep perplexities as to their mission. Some favor changing methods of evangelization to bring people face to face with Jesus Christ in a direct form. Others emphasize that it is necessary in the present situation to give witness to Jesus Christ through a social concern with the revolutionary mood of our times, and through concern for the poor and the distressed. To the latter group, evangelization means recognition of the lordship of Jesus Christ over all aspects of life and subjugation of the structures of society to the lordship of Christ.

Bishop Bahamonde: In Peru the Methodist Church considers its mission from a biblical point of view, basing it on the commands of Jesus to go and preach and teach and serve in any way that will help to proclaim the gospel. Right now we are trying to determine in what ways the churches can take part in the life of the whole country. Our schools long have been supported by the missionary effort. We are concerned to continue this teaching mission of the church. In Peru we are living in a real revolutionary time, and our church is concerned as to how we can participate in a time when some of the old structures are being torn down and new forms of political and social life are coming.

Are your churches holding the young people, and are the youths helping to make the church more alive to its mission?

Bishop Pinheiro: Generally speaking, in Brazil, we are losing them because they feel that the churches are not having enough to say to them.

Bishop Gattinoni: In some parts of Argentina we are losing them, and in other parts we are keeping them. The demand for the church to come alive to the social structures of society comes in large part from the young people, particularly those studying in universities.

Bishop Ruiz: We are losing some of them in Mexico, but there is a small nucleus of young people who are progressive and represent the leading part of the church. These nucleus groups are composed of very bright and intelligent youths, most of them going to universities or other schools.

They are in very close touch with what is going on in the political and economical life of the country, but they have not been able to make their influence felt in our larger youth groups. So there is a conflict between the youth who are more or less conforming with what the church is doing right now and the youth in the more radical groups. I hope that the church can find a way to involve both groups in the future of the church in Mexico.

Bishop Pinheiro: Some of the young people in Brazil want the church to be involved in political affairs, but the older people are not attuned to this kind of church. To them, political affairs are a matter for unions, clubs, or other institutions. This is a part of our generation gap.

The Methodist Churches in Mexico and Brazil have been independent of the church in the USA for a long time, but in Peru and Argentina autonomy came just last year. What does it mean for your churches to be autonomous, independent bodies?

Bishop Gattinoni: Autonomy came quite recently to the Methodist Church in our country, but we already can see some advantages. It has created a greater sense of responsibility, particularly among the lay people. It is giving us the chance to modify the structures of our church so as to make them more flexible. For example, we have decentralized authority into seven regions of Argentina. In each one committees of laymen and ministers make decisions

Bishop Alejandro Ruiz has completed two four-year terms as episcopal leader of the Methodist Church of Mexico. Previously he was executive secretary for Christian education.

that used to be made at higher levels. The function of the bishop is principally a pastoral one, and the administrative responsibilities are shared by the regional committees.

Bishop Bahamonde: In some ways we have considered ourselves [in Peru] not too well prepared for the autonomy which came last January after some years of study. But we thought we could afford to take the step as an act of faith and adventure. Our church is small, but we, too, give more participation to regions or districts. The bishop doesn't have the power of appointment. He is more or less a pastor of pastors and an overall representative of the church.

Bishop Pinheiro: Autonomy came to the Methodist Church in Brazil 40 years ago at the time of a revolution in our country. Since then we have been able to make our own legislation, our own *Discipline,* to elect our bishops, and make our own decisions. At the same time we continue to maintain a relationship with the Board of Missions of The United Methodist Church in the United States.

Bishop Ruiz: Autonomy came for us also [in Mexico] in 1930. Since then we have been through several critical situations. At first there was opposition from the "mother" church [in the United States], yet the laws of our government restricted the action of foreign missionaries a great deal. After autonomy we became, even more than before, the children of the church in the United States. As a result of one economic crisis, the church lost many of its best leaders. After 1940, new life came into our church.

One thing autonomy enabled us to do was to face the crisis of moral decay. It meant that we were able to make our own decisions, create solutions to our own problems, and to show the people of Mexico that we were a national church. One of the main prejudices of people against the gospel was that it had been an American kind of religion. One of the great advantages of being independent is that we can tell the people of Mexico that we are a national church, not dominated by any foreign country.

Will missionaries from the United States continue to have a role in your countries, and if so what will that role be?

Bishop Gattinoni: Despite all the anti-North Americanism that Argentina experiences politically, and which people express quite openly, when it comes to personal contacts with North Americans the matter is altogether different. Of course it depends on the personality of the missionary himself. If he can become identified with the culture and idiosyncrasies of our nation, he will be accepted, but if he tries to defend USA policies out-and-out, he will be lost.

Is the role of the missionary to Latin America changing?

Bishop Gattinoni: Yes, but not because of autonomy in itself. In Argentina as in all Latin America, the role has been changing since the development of strong national leadership. Positions of pastors and administrators have been taken over by nationals. The missionary must be willing to come and work shoulder to shoulder with us, with no greater or no lesser privileges.

Bishop Pinheiro: In spite of 40 years of autonomy in Brazil, we continue to receive missionaries. Increasingly, however, the need is for specialized missionaries in such fields as education, urban sociology, research, and nursing. We still need pastors because we are a large country and do not produce enough of our own.

Bishop Bahamonde: We still have a place for the missionary who wants to come and work for the rest of his life with us, if he wants to. But there is an increasing need in Peru for short-term missionaries with specialized skills. What we especially require is that any missionary must identify himself with the church and not work outside the church or outside the authority of the national leaders.

Are your countries sending out missionaries to other countries?

Bishop Gattinoni: We are working together through a board of missions of Latin American churches. We are supporting a Mexican couple in Ecuador. And in Argentina recently we received a missionary nurse from Bolivia and also missionaries from Switzerland.

Bishop Carlos Gattinoni was elected when the Methodist Church of Argentina became autonomous last year. He had been pastor of Central Church in Buenos Aires.

Bishop Pinheiro: Last year we sent one of our ministers from Brazil to teach in the seminary in Bolivia, and perhaps next year I will teach there myself for three months.

How would you like your autonomous churches in the future to relate to The United Methodist Church in the United States?

Bishop Ruiz: The Board of Missions in the United States and the Methodist Church in Mexico have reached agreement that the paternalistic era is almost gone and must disappear completely. We are working to reach

a state of partnership. Each church should share what it can give to another. It is a matter of mutual giving and mutual receiving.

Bishop Gattinoni: We want to keep channels of communication open between givers and receivers, but we don't want to have too much superstructure or to put more wheels into the machinery. In Argentina we feel we must continue consultations at different levels and interchange of personnel—for example through the "Mission to America," whereby nationals from overseas work in the United States. Unfortunately we still need money from the church in the United States. Without it I don't know how we can go forward with our programs. Yet we do not want to become economically dependent because this would militate against our autonomy.

What about other Christian groups in your countries? I understand that Pentecostalism is growing faster than other churches. How do you explain this?

Bishop Pinheiro: One reason is that their style of preaching appeals to the emotions. Also they make an appeal to curing ills of the body, to faith healing.

Bishop Gattinoni: Yes, I think this emotional preaching gets the enthusiasm going. Another factor is that they give new converts immediate responsibility. But I don't know to what depth this gets because the Pentecostals lose members almost as fast as they get them.

Bishop Bahamonde: Another factor is proselytism. They try to get converts as members of their churches right away, whereas the Methodist churches have loosened their emphasis on proselytism since the increase in ecumenical relations in recent years.

Bishop Ruiz: In Mexico the Pentecostal church is the largest and also the fastest growing. They have a chapel in almost every village and town. If they pray too much, we probably pray not enough, for prayer is a source of power. The Pentecostals really work hard at presenting the Gospel.

What is Roman Catholicism like in your countries today?

Bishop Ruiz: In Mexico it has shifted away from its narrow and fanatical spirit against Protestants to a more understanding position. This is not true everywhere, but is more or less the general situation. We find more and more Catholic priests and other leaders willing to ask Protestants to participate in common enterprises. On the negative side, I must say that many Protestants are still suspicious of Catholics.

Bishop Gattinoni: To speak of changes is an understatement. The Roman Catholic Church is passing through a tremendous revolution, an explosive one in all senses. There is some biblical renewal, which some see as a move toward Protestantism. Since the Vatican Council, some very vital things have been going on in Bible study, simplification of worship, participation of the laity, and openness to other churches.

This is somewhat bewildering to Protestants because we are used to working by convictions, which we don't easily change overnight. But Catholics were used to working under the principle of authority, so when Pope John opened the lid and authorized changes, many people rather easily accepted them.

Bishop Bahamonde: In Peru some members of the hierarchy still try to maintain the old structures of the church, and they have trouble with their own younger priests. Only the Methodists and sometimes the Lutherans are able to participate in interdenominational activities with the Catholics. In the city of Lima we do have meetings on a monthly basis between Methodist pastors and laymen and Catholic priests and laymen to discuss and study some aspects of faith. We have a week of prayer for unity once a year, with services for Protestants and Catholics together.

Bishop Gattinoni: In Argentina we have a few instances where there have been pulpit exchanges, and in some instances marriages with both a priest and a pastor present. The problem is not solved because it depends so much on the individual priest and his willingness to run risks with the Catholic authorities.

How does it feel to be a minority church?

Bishop Gattinoni: Collectively I think more than once our churches have given signs of an inferiority complex, but the new attitude in the Catholic Church has changed the picture a good deal. I remember an instance several years ago when the excellent choir of 85 voices at Central Methodist Church in Buenos Aires was asked to sing on the radio. When it came to the terms of the contract, the station specified that the name "Evangelical Methodist" must be dropped, so the choir declined to sing. Two years later they were invited to open the season at our great music hall by singing Haydn's oratorio *The Creation*. Now the public is insisting that the choir be openly invited to sing.

Bishop Bahamonde: I just learned recently that the Council of Bishops of the Catholic Church in Peru proposed to begin a study of the separation of church and state in our country. The military men, who now are in power, always have been against the Catholic Church. And both the church and the military have in the past been used by the oligarchy. The Catholic Church now shows signs of wanting to be independent of the government. Incidentally, two television stations in Lima gave great coverage to the establishment of our autonomous Methodist Church. There was a report of about 20 minutes on each station, and the next day I was interviewed by a third station. That means things are opening for us.

Bishop Ruiz: In Mexico there are political reasons why the Protestant churches, even though a minority, are seen with great sympathy. It was the Protestants who 50 or 60 years ago established the best schools for the poor people. Many great men of the revolution came out of Methodist schools. More recently, in connection with the Olympic Games in Mexico, an interfaith committee was organized to plan religious services. On another occasion, I was asked to lead devotionals at the opening of a world convention of organized baseball leagues. The newspapers reported that a Methodist bishop was leading the devotions. These are small signs that things are changing for the better for the Protestant community in Latin America. □

Conference Acts

...Tensions Relax

IT BEGAN AS "the conference no one wanted" and ended lamely for lack of a quorum. In spite of those inauspicious circumstances, however, the special 1970 session of the United Methodist General Conference was far from a do-nothing assembly. More than that, the St. Louis meeting left the impression that the 950 delegates and other denominational leaders had tried hard to deal forthrightly with sensitive issues.

The conference opened in an atmosphere of tension. Rumors were rife that varied forms of demonstration, bizarre or violent, would erupt momentarily. There were few such eruptions, however, and the tension subsided perceptibly when the week's major confrontation, led by Black Methodists for Church Renewal (BMCR), was carried out calmly and courteously.

BMCR asked and the conference granted permission for its members and friends to surround the delegates "in orderly witness." When the Kiel Auditorium doors were opened, about 500 persons entered to encircle the room, quietly singing *Oh, Freedom.*

The conference's major legislative actions later in the week clearly were responses to the "symbolic but corrective recommendations" which BMCR presented through its president, the Rev. James M. Lawson of Memphis. Severe as the proposals were, Mr. Lawson carefully avoided calling them "demands." And in contrast to the shrillness of black voices heard at other church gatherings of the past year, Mr. Lawson's tone was quiet, his manner discreet. He insisted that he and his fellow demonstrators came "as sons and daughters of Methodism," and his presentation of BMCR's "Call to Repentance" was more sermon than speech. Delegates applauded when he identified members of his group as "the most radical people in the world because we think that Christ himself is the most radical revolutionary that history has ever known!"

No less effective in stirring the conference was 71-year-old Dr. Anna Arnold Hedgeman of New York, a former teacher and now a consultant on urban and Afro-American studies. She told the delegates, "Every black child must have the opportunity for a good education, not because he is black or disadvantaged . . . or underprivileged but because he has been robbed until he gets it."

The BMCR Call to Repentance asked five actions:

1. Immediate reordering of priorities for United Methodist general boards and agencies so that 25 percent (a minimum of $5.5 million) of the annual World Service budget would be turned over to BMCR "to undergird further the concept of self-determination."

2. At least $5 million from the denomination's Fund for Reconciliation for BMCR efforts toward economic

development in poverty pockets of the United States.

3. An annual guarantee of not less than $10 million for the 12 black colleges related to United Methodism.

4. A $1 million scholarship and loan fund for young people of racial minority groups.

5. A minimum quota of 30 percent black representation on all general boards and agencies and an equal percentage of black voting delegates to all annual, jurisdictional, and General conferences.

The General Conference did not meet all the requests. Probably BMCR leaders did not expect that. But the delegates moved quickly, while the demonstrators still surrounded the auditorium floor, to refer the five requests to committees for study and to adopt a resolution expressing "deep appreciation for your presence."

Three days later, when the Legislative Committees had hammered out their recommendations, responding both to the BMCR presentation and to the report of the Commission on Religion and Race, the delegates approved a package of actions:

1. The World Service Fund budget for 1971 and 1972 was revised to place $2 million a year at the disposal of the Commission on Religion and Race "to support self-determination of minority people." To reallocate the $2 million, budgets of other World Service-supported agencies were cut back, most by a flat 6 percent, some more drastically. The total amount of the budget, adopted by the 1968 General Conference in Dallas, remains at $25 million annually; no new apportionments will be asked of local churches.

Robert W. Preusch of New York, speaking for the Council on World Service and Finance, pointed out that if the $25 million were paid in full for the next two years, the new $2 million appropriation for the Religion and Race Commission would be available without reducing the amounts which other World Service agencies actually received in 1969. Payments to World Service last year fell 11 percent short of budgeted goals. In any case, the new Religion and Race appropriation gives that commission the third largest budget among all World Service agencies—behind the Board of Missions ($11,-017,000) and the Board of Education ($4,983,000).

2. In a combined action relating to the 12 black colleges, the conference voted $4 million a year for the schools' operating budgets in 1971 and 1972 and $500.000 a year for student scholarships. In addition, authority was granted to the Board of Education's Division of Higher Education to borrow funds from other general boards and agencies to provide student-loan funds. The Council on World Service and Finance pointed out that about $10 million (of $100 million in various United Methodist investment funds) could be made available for such loans.

Some delegates were critical of the fact that the $4 million for black colleges was promised from Race Relations offerings—a source which in past years has yielded no more than $600,000, but their efforts to make the promise a binding commitment were rejected.

The conference ignored BMCR's request that denominational money be made directly available to BMCR itself. All funds voted for minority causes will be channeled through official United Methodist agencies. Even so, BMCR President Lawson said of the conference action: "This is a good first step for The United Methodist Church as it seeks to relate to minority self-determination."

No action was taken on BMCR's request for $5 million from the Fund for Reconciliation, and in one of its final ballots the conference rejected a proposed constitutional amendment which would have permitted General Conference to fix requirements for minimum representation by racial or ethnic groups on boards and agencies. The vote was 333 for and 169 against with 335 needed to send the measure to the annual conferences for concurrence.

The delegates did, however, approve a measure calling on district, annual-conference, jurisdictional, and general boards and agencies to "seek to insure that there be a substantially increased number of representatives of the ethnic and racial minority groups in the church, where such persons are available."

More meaningful, perhaps, was the vote to require that the same pension rate be established for all ministers in an annual conference resulting from the merger of a former Central Jurisdiction (Negro) conference with a geographical (predominantly white) conference. The Commission on Religion and Race had reported that each merger so far has provided for equal pension rates, but it asked that this be made mandatory.

Other Minorities Heard, Too

Compared to the amount of time spent on matters relating to black Methodists, other minority groups fared poorly. The numbers of Hispanic, Indian, and Asian-Americans within United Methodism, of course, are much smaller. The three groups were represented in the presentation of Religion and Race Commission's report, a 68-page document detailing the group's first two years of operation since its creation in 1968 in Dallas.

Representing Japanese-Americans, the Rev. Paul Hagiya of Arvada, Colo., told the delegates his people have been "swallowed up" since 1964 when the historic Pacific Japanese Provisional Annual Conference was broken up and merged with the geographic conferences of the Western Jurisdiction. "It has been a far cry from the real inclusive church of Jesus Christ," he declared. The once vigorous branch of Methodism has succumbed to the hopelessness which follows "when individual, cultural, and ethnic identity and consciousness are lost."

In St. Louis, for the first time, one lay delegate and one minister were seated, without vote, to represent the Oklahoma Indian Mission Conference, and Superintendent Robert Pinezaddleby of Anadarko, Okla., told the delegates United Methodism among his people is one of the nation's strongest Indian church organizations. But he said there is "growing concern for a greater voice and more effective role for Indians in the life of the church."

The Rev. Hector Navas of Tampa, Fla., introduced the delegates to a young movement called MARCHA (Methodists Associated Representing the Cause of Hispanic-Americans) and called for encouragement of Spanish-speaking leaders with responsibility in decision-making.

A later effort by MARCHA to upgrade the pension program for retired pastors of both the Rio Grande (Hispanic) and Indian Mission Conferences was put aside by the conference pending a report from the Board of Pensions. The Rev. Josue Gonzales, district superintendent from San Antonio, Texas, made the plea for immediate action and asked also that by 1972 the Board of Pensions de-

Vocal minorities raised their voices in various ways. Surging through Kiel Auditorium between business sessions, members of the unofficial Youth Caucus (above) left the resonant corridors echoing with their singing of the gospel song Amazing Grace. *Leaders of MARCHA, new group of Hispanic-American churchmen (right), asked the conference to give more attention to problems of their minority and even got the delegates to shout their "Viva MARCHA" slogan. The week's most dramatic moments were provided by Black Methodists for Church Renewal whose president, the Rev. James M. Lawson, presented BMCR's requests (below) as members stood in silence around the delegates.*

velop a plan to equalize pensions for all conferences.

The Commission on Religion and Race announced addition of a Spanish-American pastor to its staff headed by the Rev. Woodie W. White as executive secretary. The Rev. Isabel Gomez of Seguin, Texas, joins two black and one white staff members as an associate executive secretary. Offices are in Washington, D.C.

Although ministers of the ethnic minorities are among the lowest paid of all United Methodist pastors, the average salary for the entire denomination is one of the nation's lowest for professional people, according to a report by the Council on World Service and Finance. The study (based on 1968-69 statistics) showed that only about one third of United Methodist annual conferences provide a $5,000 minimum support level for full-time pastors' salaries, and only five conferences put the minimum at $6,000 or higher. In many cases, these support levels include amounts paid for pastors' utilities and travel expenses. In almost all cases, full-time pastors are provided a house or tax-free rent allowance.

The council's study showed that it would cost $2,214,000 to raise the minimum annual cash salary of all full-time pastors to a level of $5,000 and $7,639,000 to raise the minimum to $6,000. The General Conference asked the council to prepare a plan for a church-wide minimum-salary program by 1972.

The Young Command Attention

While the St. Louis conference spent major segments of its time on racial matters, it was scarcely less aware of the presence of another minority group—the young. Young people representing both the official United Methodist Council on Youth Ministries and unofficial groups (and nongroups) were highly visible even before the conference opened. Many of them long haired and flamboyantly dressed, some of them bearded and sandaled, all of them ready to speak volubly for their causes, the young people commanded attention in various ways.

On the Sunday before the conference opened, a worship service at downtown Centenary United Methodist Church was shortened when two students attempted to participate in the service without invitation. Twenty-three persons, most of them youth, were arrested in the ensuing disturbance. Most were members of a nondenominational "submarine church." (Charges later were dropped when city attorneys declined to prosecute.)

The event did not deter the conference from voting to include 10 young people among its nonvoting members. (Only seven actually were seated since no Indian, Hispanic, or Japanese-American youths were available in St. Louis to fill those racially designated seats.)

The conference adopted several proposals for which the young people lobbied most vigorously. A proposed constitutional amendment, adopted by an 838-to-45 vote, would eliminate the 21-year, minimum-age requirement for membership in United Methodist annual conferences. A second amendment would add two young persons from each district as annual-conference members. Both must be ratified in annual-conference balloting.

Legislation presented by the United Methodist Council on Youth Ministry (UMCYM) was enacted, transferring the council from its longtime relationship with the Board of Education to the Program Council and giving the UMCYM responsibility for administration of the Youth Service Fund, formerly handled by an all-adult group. Membership on the UMCYM was changed to give youth a 20 to 10 majority instead of 15 to 10.

Youthful voices will be heard in other quarters as a result of General Conference actions. Each jurisdiction will elect two young persons (one 12 to 17 years, the other 18 to 30) as members of the General Board of the Laity, and two persons under 21 as members of the

"The Tower of Babel must have been something like this," observed at least one wit when the delegates were asked to break up into small groups to discuss and fill out questionnaires on matters of church structure.

Program Council (an increase of one). Five youth (and four bishops) were named to the quadrennial Theological Study Commission and five others to the Social Principles Study Commission. Two were named to the Commission on Worship.

A youth-sponsored resolution adopted by the conference called for strong controls on environmental pollution and asserted: "We insist that the human rights of the community take precedence over individual property rights, and that no individual should be permitted to degrade the environment simply for . . . personal profit."

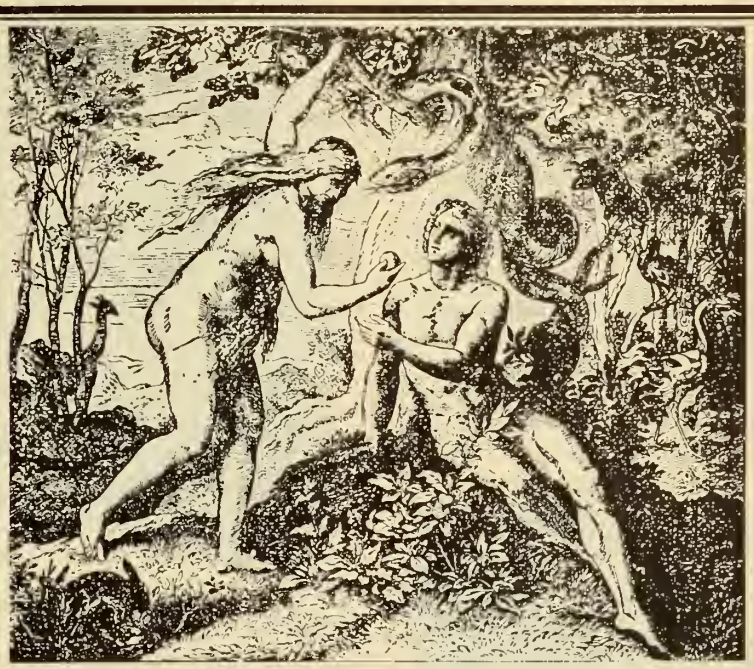
A Controversial Stance

Considerably more controversy was raised by the resolution which established a United Methodist position on the subject of abortion. As part of a longer document on the population crisis, the section on abortion caused animated floor debate and brought several unsuccessful attempts to amend the original report or defer action.

The Rev. R. Benjamin Garrison of Urbana, Ill., insisted the conference should not wait to face the issue of "mad and medieval" abortion laws. He said that in the past month he had counseled four women wanting abortions. After several male delegates had spoken, Mrs. John W. Gridley, wife of a Minneapolis physician, observed that in such discussions usually "it is men who defend the position that one should not have the right of abortion."

The resolution as finally adopted by a substantial majority placed the denomination on record as favoring legalized abortion and voluntary sterilization as partial solutions to the population crisis. Legal abortion, as urged by the conference, would no longer be included in state criminal codes but would be regulated as a medical practice. A statement read into the record later by Einar Teigland of Norway on behalf of all European delegates expressed dissent from the abortion stance which the conference had adopted.

Another resolution adopted by the conference condemned the use of United Methodist churches as private schools when the intent is to preserve racially segregated education. This action was asked by the Board of Christian Social Concerns of the North Mississippi Annual Conference



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and by the Commission on Religion and Race. The commission reported that "a number" of United Methodist buildings are being used "to establish private, all-white elementary and secondary schools, in an effort to circumvent the recent Supreme Court decision on school desegregation."

COCU Plan to Be Studied

With a scattering of dissenting votes, the General Conference asked all United Methodists to make a "thorough study" of the Plan of Union which has been drafted by the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) to unite 25 million American Protestants in the "Church of Christ Uniting." Supporters of the action stressed that the conference was not committing itself to future approval of the current plan or any other which may be formulated to unify the nine COCU churches.

Dr. Albert C. Outler of Perkins School of Theology, Dallas, called the first COCU draft plan "too well intentioned to reject quickly" but "too underdeveloped to vote for it here and now." He urged the conference to take the plan for study and "maximum revision." The conference authorized the Commission on Ecumenical Affairs to appoint an ad hoc committee to represent United Methodism in future COCU deliberations to perfect the Plan of Union.

Quadrennial Commissions Report

In another ecumenical action, the conference overwhelmingly adopted a "resolution of intent" aimed at softening the anti-Roman Catholic bias of some of the Articles of Faith which United Methodists have inherited from 16th-century Anglicanism and 18th-century Wesleyanism. The seven articles in question refer to such Roman Catholic beliefs and practices as purgatory, the use of Latin in worship, conflicting views of the number and nature of the sacraments, the practice of saying mass for the dead, and the marriage of clergymen.

Dr. Outler, chairman of the quadrennial Theological Study Commission on Doctrine and Doctrinal Standards, said the Articles of Faith were written "in a time of reckless strife" and no longer represent the attitude of United Methodists. By adopting the resolution the conference agreed to interpret all anti-Catholic statements in the Articles "in consonance with our best ecumenical insights." The action "implies, at the very least, our heartiest offer of goodwill and Christian brotherhood to all our Roman Catholic brethren. . . ."

Dr. Outler also reported the Theological Study Commission is "very far from clear" as to the form its progress report for the 1972 General Conference will take. He issued a "frank and urgent appeal" to all United Methodists to help with the work by studying, writing experimental formulations of faith statements, and reporting these to the commission.

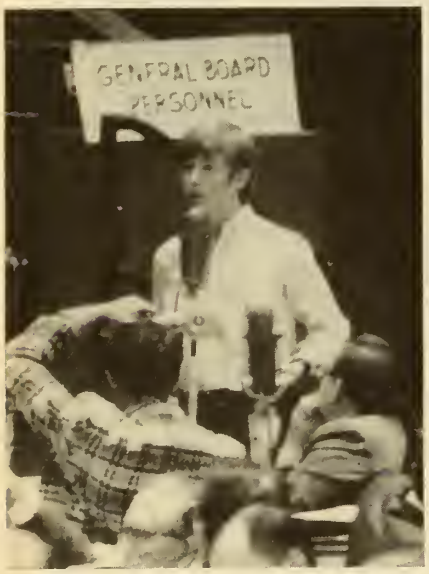
The Social Principles Study Commission reported that it will have a final report for the 1972 General Conference in Atlanta. Bishop James S. Thomas, chairman, said five persons have been named to prepare the document in semifinal stage which will be circulated throughout the church before being polished for submission in Atlanta.

The Structure Study Commission, third of the three quadrennial bodies created in 1968, presented an interim report and sampled the delegates' opinions on structural matters by means of a questionnaire.

Quadrennial Emphasis

Reporting for the Quadrennial Emphasis Committee, Bishop James K. Mathews said $15 million has been pledged and $7 million paid on the $20 million goal of the Fund for Reconciliation. The committee praised TOGETHER's May issue in which major attention was devoted to projects being supported by the fund. [See *How Your Money Is Closing People Gaps,* May, page 29.]

The committee's presentation included one of the conference's most bracing speakers, 17-year-old Frank Smith, a leader of the Black Egyptians of East St. Louis, Ill. In the first speech of his life, young Smith told the delegates he has "a brand new image of the cross" because of programs started by the Fund for Reconciliation. In the past, he said, the cross to him had been a symbol reminding him of black men killed in Viet Nam "fighting for something that they didn't know about," of the Ku Klux Klan burning a cross "in front of some black person's home that finally got enough money to buy a house to live in decently," and of the bullet



The generation gap received earnest but good-humored exposure when young Scott Jameson Jones argued vigorously against a proposal made by his father, Dr. S. Jameson Jones, Iliff School of Theology president. (Dr. Jones was a national Methodist youth leader of the 1940s and 50s.) Scott's speech opposing "paternalism" helped turn the conference away from a proposed two-year study of youth ministries in favor of immediate changes the young people had requested.

A forceful, influential speaker on many matters of conference debate, Cincinnati attorney Leonard D. Slutz served as secretary of the important Committee on Conferences.

that struck down Martin Luther King, Jr., "as he marched across the land trying to prove . . . that nonviolence is the right way."

Full-time Secretary Denied

Three constitutional amendments which had been approved in annual-conference voting were ratified by the General Conference, but a fourth, giving permission to the Council of Bishops to elect one of its members as a full-time secretary, was turned down. The three approved amendments concern the writing of concordats between United Methodism and Methodist bodies in other countries, particularly Great Britain; adding conference youth organization presidents to annual-conference membership; and changing the relationship of the Northwest Canada Conference to the denomination.

MPH Committee Named

A five-member committee was named to follow Methodist Publishing House progress in implementing recommendations made by a study group during the past year.

Past concern over MPH policies has centered on the house's relationship to Project Equality, a national interreligious fair-employment program. This issue came before the St. Louis meeting by way of a Judicial Council ruling. The United Methodist "supreme court" said that the Board of Publication has broad discretionary authority to carry out publishing operations, subject to control by the General Conference, and that this discretion includes power to determine whether a "sponsor" relationship to Project Equality is in accord with MPH objectives.

(One of the items which did not reach the conference floor because of the early end was a proposal to require all general boards, agencies, and institutions to join Project Equality as sponsors.)

In other actions the conference:

- Voted to permit ordained lay pastors "to perform all duties" within the charges to which they are appointed. Included is the right to administer the sacraments of Baptism and Holy Communion. Some 300 petitions were received in St. Louis, asking that the restriction, enacted in 1968, be lifted. A proposed two-year study of the matter was rejected. Unordained lay pastors may continue in their appointment until September 1, 1972, but may not administer the sacraments.
- Voted a moratorium on national conferences until 1972 and agreed that such gatherings should be cleared with the Program Council.

John C. Satterfield, Mississippi attorney and spokesman for conservative Southern delegates, startled some by speaking in favor of a strong voice for youth. Later, it was he who requested the final quorum call.

- Designated Whitaker's Chapel in eastern North Carolina as the 15th United Methodist National Historic Shrine. The present building was built in 1850, but chapels have stood on the site since 1740, the first being an Anglican place of worship taken over by a Methodist society in 1776. The congregation was associated with the Methodist Protestant Church from 1828 to 1939.
- Changed the name of the Commission on the Structure of Methodism Overseas to the Commission on the Structure of Methodism Outside the USA. A West German delegate said the word "overseas" was inappropriate for an international agency. The acronym COSMOS will still be used.
- Honored Charles C. Parlin of Englewood, N.J., Wall Street lawyer and widely known ecumenical churchman. Mr. Parlin was one of the chief architects of Methodist-Evangelical United Brethren union which created The United Methodist Church.
- Affirmed "trust and confidence in the many agencies of the church" at all levels and in the judgment of local church administrative boards in relating to "so-called militant groups with which they deal." This action was substituted for another resolution with detailed prohibitions against giving funds to militant and/or violent revolutionary groups. The vote was close: 465 to 431.

Because of the conference's abrupt ending, a number of other matters, some controversial, were not considered on the conference floor—though they had been debated in the 14 Legislative Committees.

"I would assume," said Bishop Kenneth Goodson, who was presiding over the final session, "that all unfinished business now becomes . . . unfinished business."

Included were reports on Viet Nam, the Middle East, Project Equality, firearms control, campus unrest, selective conscientious objection, proposed designation of the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr. as a national holiday, the vote for 19-year-olds.

When the final quorum call showed only 466 delegates present with 486 needed to continue official business, the remaining delegates heard Bishop John Wesley Lord praise the action already taken. Said the president of the Council of Bishops: "This conference has declared, by reordering its priorities, that faithfulness to mission is more important than serving the demands of ecclesiastical structure, that human needs are more important than institutional needs."

Various reasons were given as to why so many delegates left St. Louis before the official adjournment. Some apparently had not expected the conference to last the full five days so had no hotel rooms for another night. Others had travel reservations they did not wish to cancel.

The conference was not without light moments. It demonstrated, for instance, the limitations of the electronic age. To speed up the time-consuming process of counting votes, a computer was rented to count "yes" and "no" punch cards. It performed a few such chores with alacrity then balked, leaving tellers to count one batch of cards by hand. Repairs were made and late in the session the conference called for the machine's services again only to learn that it, like many delegates, had gone home. —*Paige Carlin*

NEWS

PRIORITIES SOUGHT BY MISSIONS GROUPS

Backers of two Board of Missions programs—each bearing its own superlative—have called on the board not to overlook them in any reordering of priorities.

The Rio Grande Conference, described as the strongest mission base to Hispanic-Americans in all of Protestantism, requested $548,000 for 1971-73 to support programs and ministers in New Mexico and Texas. The request was referred to a committee for report to the board's meeting next October.

Representatives of the 79 community centers related to the board's National Division asked for a renewed commitment to the centers and for renewed access to funds in the face of budget cuts for 1970 and 1971. Several division leaders agreed with a report calling the centers "the most inclusive instrument of The United Methodist Church." The request was referred to several missions units for study and possible implementation.

A new program announced alongside these requests from established programs hopes to place 10 indigenous community developers for three-year terms beginning in September. Hired out of local communities and working directly in local churches, the developers are expected to turn churches into "action bases for community leadership." Principal funds are expected from the April 1970 Call to Prayer and Self-Denial Offering by Women's Societies of Christian Service and Wesleyan Service Guilds.

The developers program for various language and ethnic groups is similar to a year-old black community developers program which recently announced placement of 13 workers, bringing its total to 22. It is funded by $1 million from the Fund for Reconciliation.

CHURCH UNIONISTS TOLD USUAL WORD IS 'GO'

Amid reports that church union systems are basically "go" around the world, the Consultation on Church Union (COCU) has issued in inexpensive form copies of the plan which may lead to eventual uniting of nine American Protestant denominations into one 25-million-member church.

A recent conference on church-union negotiations, attended in Kenya (Africa) by four top COCU officials, was told that five major Protestant church unions have taken place in the past three years.

Among those listed was the 1968 union of the former Methodist and Evangelical United Brethren Churches into The United Methodist Church.

Others were The United Church of North India, United Church of Jamaica, Evangelical Church of Madagascar, and Protestant Church in Belgium. Both the North Indian and the Belgian unions involved Methodists.

The African conference also was told that not one of the united churches formed in recent years has experienced a split. Among these are the United Church of Christ (U.S.), Church of South India, United Church of Japan, United Church of Canada, and United Church of Zambia.

It also was noted that world confessional bodies, Methodists among them, are encouraging church-union plans. It was pointed out, though, that some union projects have failed, including Anglican-Methodist negotiations in England.

COCU's 112-page Plan of Union is available at 65¢ per copy or 25¢ per copy in quantities of four or more. Cokesbury Book Stores are among retail outlets.

Participating denominations are asked to study the COCU plan in 1970 and 1971 and to respond with suggested revisions by late 1971. COCU expects to make revisions in 1972 and return the plan for final adoption or rejection soon after.

With United Methodist participation assured in COCU at least until 1972 [see page 15], another question presumably due for resolution in 1972 is the future structure of world Methodism. A congress called on that subject recently agreed: (1) that the World Methodist Council might be restructured and given an expanded role and (2) United Methodism in the U.S. should be asked to reorganize to more of a peer relationship with sister churches overseas.

Formal legislative proposals for reshaping world Methodism will be submitted to the 1972 General Conference.

Generally hailed as an ecumenical advance, though not directly involving church union, was the softening of rules regarding Protestant-Roman Catholic marriages. Pope Paul VI removed the obligation of the non-Catholic partner to agree to raise children as Catholics but retained the obligation of the Catholic partner to provide Catholic religious instruction.

NEW ASSOCIATE JUSTICE PRAISED BY MINISTER

"A superb Christian layman, the kind every minister looks for and depends on in his congregation." That is how the new associate justice of the U.S. Supreme Court is described by his senior pastor.

Harry A. Blackmun, member of Christ United Methodist Church in Rochester, Minn., since 1953, has served on special committees and as chairman of the board of trustees of the church.

According to the Rev. Winfield Haycock, "He was absolutely the best chairman we ever had. He had everything at the tip of his fingers at any moment."

His activities extend beyond the local church, however, to United Methodist-related Hamline University in St. Paul where he is a trustee. In addition he is on the board of the brand-new Methodist Hospital in Rochester.

Justice Blackmun also serves on the United Methodist Board of Publication and this spring was one of five men selected to nominate a successor to Lovick Pierce, retiring president and publisher of The Methodist Publishing House.

Since 1959 when Justice Blackmun was appointed to the Eighth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, he has commuted from Rochester to St. Louis, Mo., where the court is located. In spite of this he has re-

mained a "very faithful worshiper," according to Mr. Haycock. "He's always in church when he's in town."

According to one newspaper, his Sunday-morning schedule begins at the office at eight o'clock, followed by church services, back to the office, and home again by 1:30.

"Perhaps his best role during the last year has been as a personal friend and confidant," says Mr. Haycock. "Harry Blackmun is really superb in terms of his thoughtfulness and his desire to be an ethical person in all his relationships—community, family, church, and country. He's unbeatable as a Christian layman."

'CONCERN' TOURS LISTED FOR EUROPE, ASIA

Two study tours covering Eastern Europe and Asia are being offered United Methodists and other interested persons by the Division of World Peace of the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns.

The Eastern European tour July 8-29, based on the theme "Christianity, Communism, and World Peace," will visit East Germany, Russia, Czechoslovakia, and Poland. The Asian tour July 27-August 28 will make pilgrimages to Japan, Taiwan, Hong Kong, the Middle East, India, and South Viet Nam.

Both tours will be led by a member of the division's staff with emphases upon study and meetings with church leaders in the various countries.

CENTURY CLUB

One of our new Century Club members, Mrs. Ida Kile, was born on Flag Day in 1870.

Mrs. Margaret Anderson, 100, Niles, Ohio.

Mrs. Ida Kile, 100, Liberal, Kans.

Charles W. Reeley, 100, Gaithersburg, Md.

Mrs. Emma Wilson, 100, Ava, Missouri.

In submitting nominations for the Century Club, please include the nominee's present address, date of birth, name of the church where a member, and its location.

HIGH COURT UPHOLDS CHURCH TAX EXEMPTION

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . .

The First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, in force since December 15, 1791, recently again became the keystone in a legal question over the relation of church and state and specifically on the question of tax exemption for church property.

The U.S. Supreme Court, in a 7-1 decision, upheld the principle of tax exemption on property used exclusively for religious purposes.

The majority decision, written by Chief Justice Warren Burger, noted that no perfect or absolute separation (of church and state) is really possible and added, "The very existence of the religion clause [First Amendment] is an involvement of sorts . . ."

The decision also said the general principle is that Americans "will not tolerate either governmentally established religion or governmental interference with religion." A "benevolent neutrality," the court said, "will permit religious exercise to exist without sponsorship and without interference."

National religious leaders to a man expressed agreement with the high court's decision. Some had been alarmed last year when the Supreme Court even agreed to consider the issue.

Carrying the case to the high court was a New York attorney, Frederick Walz, who held that his property in New York State carries an unfair tax burden because of tax exemptions granted to religious bodies. He said this is a violation of his right of religious freedom.

Chief Justice Burger noted that all 50 states provide tax exemptions for places of worship and that the federal government similarly has exempted church property from income taxes.

Many church lawyers submitted friend-of-the-court briefs supporting exemptions. The American Civil Liberties Union argued Mr. Walz' case, and Mrs. Madalyn Murray O'Hair, who won a landmark decision when the court ruled against prayer in public schools, filed a brief on behalf of Mr. Walz.

Justice William O. Douglas filed the lone dissent, expressing fear that involvement of government in religion is "a long step down the path" to government establishment of religion.

People around Salida, Colo., always thought there must be a good story behind the naming of nearby Methodist Mountain. Local favorite among the yarns says a Presbyterian pastor in Salida during the 1950s noted that although the top of the mountain often was shrouded in clouds, they never really let loose. He speculated that it was called Methodist because it only "sprinkled" but never "poured"!

FEWER CHURCHES BUILT; INFLATION ACCUSED

In "brick and mortar" terms, the value of church construction dropped almost one fourth between 1965 and 1969, according to statistics gathered by the U.S. Department of Commerce.

All-time high year for value of church construction was 1965 with $1,207,000,000. By 1969 it had dropped to $951 million, and it is expected to fall to $900 million in 1970, a Commerce official said.

With costs of building construction rising about 30 percent in those same years, the actual (brick and mortar) value of construction is about one fourth less.

The Commerce spokesman said the biggest factor in the downtrend is that religious groups can't compete for loan funds. He said banks consider servicing of church loans "almost a nonprofit kind of thing," giving preferred rates about one-half percent lower than to "profit-paying" (commercial) customers.

The spokesman also said that when money is expensive, church groups generally postpone construction in hopes that interest rates will go down. Or, he said, churches will "settle for the same space with less gingerbread."

The number of nonresidential religious buildings constructed also has gone down from 6,222 in 1967 to 4,874 in 1969.

SOME CHURCH THOUGHTS FOR SUMMER'S DOG DAYS

As the calendar turns to the dog days of summer, church people can look in any of several directions for hot-weather mulling. As samples:

Legislation—"What we need is church people who don't get ulcers over conflict . . . who know what they believe and why, and don't get upset when challenged."

So said Dr. Cynthia Wedel, president of the National Council of Churches, at a national seminar on legislation sponsored by Church Women United.

Dr. Wedel, a former president of the seminar-sponsoring organization, said there is a feeling in churches that there must be harmony and peace among members at any price.

"But our churches are made up of imperfect people having differences of opinion . . . harmony is not always a useful goal."

Dr. Wedel, elected to a three-year term in a stormy NCC general assembly last December, said she wished there were a legislation seminar for churchmen similar to the one for women and also that men and women together could get concerned about how to bring legislation in Congress under church scrutiny.

Health—A United Methodist-sponsored convocation on medicine and theology was told recently that the time is past when one can say, "Let the doctor take care of the whole thing."

Dr. Harvey H. Potthoff of Iliff School of Theology added, "We must tap the moral sensitivity of the community in considering such issues as abortion, euthanasia, sterilization, and organ transplant . . . man must now assume the role of decision-maker in areas that used to be considered God's alone."

Dr. Roger Burgess, general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Health and Welfare Ministries, told the convocation the church provides a valuable system which is important to thinking about health care. He added that the church also is in a position to provide a corps of workers in health services, though right now "it is doing a poor job of recruiting."

Leisure—The "leisure revolution" has subverted American institutions to the point that profound changes in society are inescapable. So said a Rutgers University professor recently at a church-sponsored conference on leisure.

The political scientist also said leisure is an important hidden factor in producing unrest among youth. He called youth the real "leisure industry" consumers, adding, "It's asking for trouble to keep a large number of post-puberty youth in a dependent status."

Students—United Methodist congregations are invited to join in a program of hospitality for international students called Christmas International House.

Any local church may join the program by inviting international students to spend the holidays in its community. Housing generally is arranged in church buildings or homes, facilities are set up for studies, and group recreation is scheduled.

The program began in a Presbyterian church in West Virginia in 1965. More than a dozen churches last year hosted some 1,000 students.

A church may begin on its own or write for a booklet, filmstrip, and more information from Christmas International House, P.O. Box 330, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

A six-year-old boy and his painting of the Creation illustrate God's love for man in a Religion in American Life (RIAL) commercial selected as one of the 100 best TV commercials of the year by Advertising Age *magazine. God's creation is a continuing one, explains the one-minute message. "God put you here to change things. For the better. One person can do a lot, you know. And it all starts when you show God's love in the world." One of only five public-service spots on the list, this was created by RIAL's volunteer ad agency, the J. Walter Thompson Co., and distributed by the Advertising Council last November.*

Your Next TOGETHER . . .

Look for your next issue of TOGETHER in mid-August rather than mid-July.

The reason: we are combining the August and September issues into one and will publish on the September schedule date. This means you will receive 11 issues instead of 12 in 1970, each maintaining TOGETHER's regular standards in content and printing.

The combined summer issue is a means of meeting increased costs in paper, printing, postage, and salaries without increasing the subscription rate. —*Your Editors*

General Conference Reflections

GENERAL Conferences in The United Methodist Church have a long and venerable history. The first of these regular quadrennial meetings occurred in 1792. In 1808 delegated General Conferences were established. Through the years since then, and in the various branches of our present church, General Conferences voiced the will of the church, legislated its procedures, adjusted the church's ways of ministering to the changing American scene, and provided an inspirational base from which the church could engage in its witness to the world.

General Conferences are fearfully and wonderfully made. To a casual observer they might seem to have certain of the elements of a United Nations Assembly, a county fair, a Democratic National Convention, a bankers' association, a congressional filibuster, and a revival meeting. The 1970 General Conference in St. Louis was no exception in exhibiting such diversity. [See pages 11-17 for a report on specific actions of the General Conference.]

Quiet reflection on the 1970 conference raises a number of questions concerning the future of such sessions. Among these questions, several commend themselves as of particular significance.

1. *Objective.* Are the purposes for the General Conference (*Book of Discipline*, paragraph 15) adequate for our day? Should the stated objectives be broadened, circumscribed, or retained as they are? Should the General Conference's primary purposes be related to legislation, motivation, spiritual values, program activities, public relations, leadership selection, fund raising, promotion, social change, or what? Are we agreed on what United Methodists expect a General Conference to do?

2. *Frequency.* After more than 150 years of quadrennial meetings are we irrevocably committed to the concept that effective General Conferences should still be held in one year of four? Is the modern world moving so fast that more frequent and shorter sessions would provide more flexibility to legislate the church's business? Or do quadrennial meetings give the church more stability and a sense of direction over longer periods of time, thereby proving to be more desirable? Should General Conferences convene only when the church has major questions to resolve?

3. *Efficiency.* Is there a better way to hold General Conferences? Are the existing procedures effective in which legislative committees do much of the work? Are the rules of order employed facilitative or obstructive to the accomplishment of purpose? Should the right of any individual United Methodist to petition the General Conference (resulting in nearly 2,000 petitions for consideration at St. Louis) in some way be circumscribed so as to free the conference to act on major issues with more deliberation? Or is this a necessary part of participatory democracy? Should the conference be "modernized" to eliminate time-consuming procedures and to expedite its deliberation and action? Or would this destructively alter the character of the General Conference?

4. *Minority Representation.* Should certain minorities, ethnic and otherwise, be guaranteed specified proportionate representations? Or can the integration of all minority groups within the church be expected to provide for fair and adequate representation? Do all United Methodists have full access to the centers of power within the church, regardless of any minority-group status? Should special interest groups and caucuses be encouraged and new inputs into the church structure be provided, or are the existing channels adequate? If so, how may they be more fully utilized?

5. *Relevance.* Are General Conferences distinctly influential in the life of the total church as it is today? Is the connectional system in Methodism functioning effectively in the General Conference's relationship to the denominational structure? How can local churches become more intimately related to the events and actions occurring in a General Conference? How may the General Conference redemptively touch the vital issues of the day, making a difference in the lives of persons and the society in which they live?

6. *Youth Participation.* Should youth have a meaningful role in General Conference action? If so, how can the structure be opened up to their genuine involvement rather than mere token participation? Can ways be found so that representatives of the total youth of the church may participate, rather than self-appointed youth cadres with narrow interests and goals? Can the General Conference be expected to manifest enough maturity to listen to the voice of youth and in response to act out of conviction, rather than out of paternalism, intimidation, or feelings of guilt?

While not exhaustive, these reflections, growing out of the St. Louis meeting, point toward some of the basic issues related to the future role of the General Conference.

The church at its highest level of dialogue, debate, and decision must be free to set the tone for tangible expressions of Christian witness wherever local congregations of The United Methodist Church are found.

—*Your Editors*

SIERRA *High Country* HIKE

By CAROL AMEN

PEOPLE sometimes ask the Rev. Dodds B. Bunch why he repeatedly seeks the perils and hardships of the high Sierras—a rather lofty pulpit—instead of staying home in the comparative safety and comfort of Sunnyvale, Calif.

Perhaps the best answer could be given by some of the many young people he has led on hikes into the unspoiled wilderness. Somewhere along the trail, each has learned a little more about life and how to face it.

The Sierras are no playground for the tenderfoot, the careless, or the overconfident. They are high, rugged, snowy, with glacier-worn canyons, bald granite domes, crystal lakes, and tumbling streams. Mr. Bunch, the 54-year-old Montana-born pastor of Sunnyvale's First United Methodist Church, is a veteran of some 40 excursions into this scenic, sometimes forbidding realm—alone or with his family, often with groups of young people.

Such a group left Sunnyvale one morning last August, each member backpacking all his needs for survival, eating, and sleeping along the trail. Included were 18 UMYFers from two Sunnyvale churches, four college and postgraduate students, and four adults.

The 26 drove across Yosemite's Tioga Pass after their long trip by car from the San Francisco Bay area. Fifteen miles north of Bishop, on the steep eastern slope, they obtained a fire permit from a ranger, and severed their last link from civilization.

Of the 18 teen-agers, only three of four had ever hiked so far, so high, or over such rough terrain.

"That first night," one boy remembers with a groan, "it seemed we climbed about five miles straight up! If there had been someone leading a group back out, I'd have gone in a second. But I'm glad I didn't quit."

Two became ill as the hike progressed: Roger Bunch, 17, the minister's son, who had been on dozens of similar hikes, and Pam Rempt, wife of one of the graduate students.

"Every trip has its own particular chemistry," says Mr. Bunch. "In the mountains, living and working together, people are sometimes transformed. When Roger and Pam became ill, we often doubled up on loads. One person would carry his own pack a distance, then go back and carry another."

On the second night, the fatigued hikers tumbled into their sleeping bags. "It's difficult to sleep in the mountains, even though you're worn out," says Mrs. Ellie Green. "It's all there above you—the universe! Stars and moon so bright they hurt your eyes, the sky filled with myriads of stars you never see back home through valley smog. If the views were only half as beautiful and the trail twice as hard, it would still be more than worth the effort."

Frequently doubling back to make connections with the sick contingent, the hikers crossed 12,400-foot Italy Pass, and later made camp at sparkling Seven Gables Lake.

Because they planned to spend a second night at the lake, there was time for cooking, loafing, and short sight-seeing excursions. The fishermen caught 50 golden trout. The girls washed their hair or took shuddering dips in the icy lake.

In the solitude and silence, many found a new sense of exhilaration. Patrick Ezell, one of the college-student counselors, commented, "Just using the senses God gave you can really 'turn you on' up here. Who needs dope?"

"Besides the beauty," another boy adds, "there's the feeling of community, that people care about each other."

The packs were heavy, the trails steep, the cliffsides dropped into terrifying depths. Muscles ached, the sun burned, feet hurt. And there were things to be learned, including a firsthand lesson in ecology.

"Even in the mountains," Mr. Bunch says, "we're beginning to see pollution, people fouling our drinking and cooking water."

The minister's attitude is one of sadness rather than anger when he adds, "In a polluted stream we see the effect of our actions on others. And, if anybody does, these are the youngsters who are going out in the world to accomplish something in conservation."

On the fifth day of the hike, crossing passes without trails, the group came to a gigantic, almost vertical snowfield with huge rocks blocking the descent. Although the snow appeared innocent, Mr. Bunch knew that it might conceal deep crevasses that could turn into suffocating graves, that the steep incline might catapult unsuspecting novices at breakneck speeds into the rocks.

Young Roger went down about 10 feet without a pack, tested the snow, and returned with a tentative "Go ahead" for the hikers to slide down the incline.

Mr. Bunch went first, feet straight out and up to counterbalance his pack. In seconds, he was at the

Somewhere in the vast solitude of the Sierras, the Rev. Dodds B. Bunch sits by a campfire as dawn streaks the eastern sky. Later (right) he will lead his group of hikers ever higher into the mountains, often crossing ice-cold streams fed by sun-warmed snowfields high above them.

The hikers found both hardships and rewards on the high trails: At left, Pam and Rod Rempt drop down for a brief rest in the ruddy glow of sunset; and at lower right Ruth Spencer shows ingenuity in devising some welcome protection from the blistering sun at higher elevations. Among the rewards are skillets of rare fresh-caught golden trout frying over a campfire, and the discovery beside the trail of an "elephant's-head." (The Alpine wild flower became a bouquet for Pam, one of the two hikers who became ill.)

bottom of the slide. Bravely the others prepared to follow.

They slipped out of their packs—afraid the weight would throw them off balance and out of control. Fearfully, the first one started down. When he reached the bottom intact, another ventured forth. There was no going slowly. It was plunge, crash, pell-mell in a spray of snow all the way to the bottom.

Eventually most of them were down, slipping and sliding as if they were on toboggans. Safe at the bottom, several realized simultaneously that it had been fun and went back up to help others or to bring down the packs.

As a finale on the steep slope that day, one gang of 10 slid down holding hands—and laughing!

For another half mile the hikers ran and slid down steep snow with full gear secured tightly to a pack frame. They carried major weight on hips and legs through use of a belly strap, thus saving back and shoulders. Average weight carried by the girls was about 30 pounds, 40 pounds for the boys.

Around the campfire that night the young people recounted their thrilling slides on the snowfield, and then settled down for songs and skits. On Sunday they held morning worship near the tent of Pam Rempt who was recuperating.

"In fact, I had gone along to help the teen-agers," she said. "When I got sick, those UMYFers just materialized along the trail, asking, 'What can I carry for you? Let me help.' "

During discussion that Sunday morning, many of the hikers admitted to times of near defeat on the trail. Each of them, at one point or another, had wanted to quit, sure they could not drag on another step. But always, from somewhere, had come that extra spurt of energy, strength they had not realized they could summon.

Said one of the counselors: "I get

Snow sliding in the Sierras: "The first two or three trembling souls took time summoning courage... Later some climbed back up several times for the fast run down. For many, it was the zenith moment of the trip."

pretty tired of hearing people making judgments about our 'rotten kids' today. These are kids who care about what's going on in the world, who want to help."

That Sunday evening the 26 began a moonlight hike to French Canyon. Flashlight batteries went dead, but the pastor's mountaineering alertness saw them through without mishaps.

Then, a week after their departure, the Sunnyvale adventurers began the long trek *down*—and in the high Sierras downhill isn't nearly so easy as it sounds. Their memorable introduction to wilderness hardships and wonder was over.

Pam and Rod Rempt summed it up a few days later while shaking hands with worshipers after the eleven o'clock Sunday service:

"We told our friends about the unbelievable scenery, but then we gradually realized it was really the people who lingered in our minds as more important than any other part of the trip. Those kids! We love them all." □

Circle of friendship: Third from left is the Rev. Dodds B. Bunch, leader of the week-long hike, who took most of the pictures on these pages. "Hadn't they," writes Mrs. Amen, "looked for miles through clear mountain air, smelled and touched wild flowers, drunk the delicious cold water? There was much to wonder about, and thank God for."

On granite ridges above timberline the setting sun lingers while the soft benediction of another twilight settles over Merriam Lake in the high Sierras. Far across the clear water another campfire gleams as the Sunnyvale hikers gather around their own for songs and fellowship.

Laymen have a ministry all their own in which the pastor assists them. But this does not relieve them of the obligation to give special attention to the needs of their newly appointed pastors.

How to Help Your New Minister

By ARTHUR J. KINDRED

ONCE A YEAR, at annual-conference time, every United Methodist charge has the prospect of getting a new minister, or of having its minister return for another year. In either case, it is an opportunity for a fresh start.

Many laymen have firm ideas about what kind of man they would like as their minister and what they would like him to do. Less frequently are they clear about how they might help him become a more effective minister.

A way for laymen to help at this point is provided through the committee on pastor-parish relations. Every charge is supposed to have such a committee, made up of its minister and at least four lay people, including the lay member of the annual conference.

In my work as a district superintendent, I found it helpful to compile a list of suggestions, aimed primarily to members of this committee but of concern to all lay members. Here they are:

Help your minister to be a better pastor.

Have members of the committee take the new minister around town as soon after he arrives as possible. Take him to meet briefly all persons who can be contacted on the job—business and professional people, city and county employees, school administrators and teachers, service-station operators, and others. Make a list of those people for future reference, and include those related to the church by interest as well as members.

Find men who can escort the minister around the countryside to find all members and friends of the church. It will save him hours of peering at mailboxes, warding off growling dogs, and turning wrong corners. Then it will be easier for him to come back later for more leisurely visits. Often maps can be secured and marked to show where members of the church reside and work.

Arrange to have just the right person go with the new minister for first calls on people in convalescent and elderly care homes; on people totally or partially confined to their own homes by age, health, or other circumstances; on those recently bereaved or seriously ill; on persons who have been received into church membership recently and not yet fully assimilated; and perhaps even on persons known to be disgruntled.

Ask a doctor in your congregation to assist your minister in gaining entree to local hospitals and clinics and to show him the devices used to identify patients according to church relationship. If these devices are inadequate, assist him in working out satisfactory systems.

Help him in his preaching.

Be sure that he has an adequate place for study and work. This will vary somewhat in terms of his family situation. See that a typewriter, file, desk, chair, and other essential equipment are provided.

Get laymen to assume responsibility for all mechanical operations of the church such as bulletin and newsletter duplication and addressing. In larger churches, part-time secretarial assistance is an excellent investment.

Co-operate with the minister in reserving the specific hours he sets for study and sermon preparation.

Co-operate in such methods as he may suggest for

discussing his sermons (before or after they are preached) with reference to the interest and needs of the people.

Put a little money in the budget for books if library facilities in your church are limited. Introduce him to the local librarians.

Help him as an administrator of church affairs.

Have appropriate lay officials go over with the minister your church's procedure for its annual every-member canvass and for regular reporting on finance to the administrative board, your record-keeping system in such areas as finance and membership, insurance program, your arrangements for regular fire and safety inspections on property, and similar matters.

Help him in his involvements with the community.

Do not let your pastor get pressured into joining a service club or community organization right away. Arrange for various church members to take him to visit several. His acquaintance will be broadened, and when he joins an organization—if he so chooses—it will be without pressure and according to his own liking.

Arrange for lay members to take your minister (and his wife when appropriate) to public functions as his schedule permits. But protect him from the role of professional "grace-sayer" and "quick-program man." Encourage his involvement in the real problems of community life.

Develop a policy, if your church does not have one, of opening your church's facilities to wide use in the community. Your minister bears the image of your church at this point.

Help him in his work with youth.

Urge adults to become committed to working with youth. This requires full, co-operative probing with reference to motivations, needs, and procedures. Lay adults must engage with the young people of the church and their friends. If innovations are in order, let them be with your full understanding and support. When the youths decide on a venture, back them with transportation, financial support, and personal assistance.

Help him in ecumenical relations.

When interfaith services, projects, and programs are planned, lead your congregation in full support and participation.

The minister cannot do everything in this area. Find out if there is lay participation in an interchurch council. If not, find out why. Probe the possibilities for broadly based thinking and acting among churches of the community. Your minister will likely help, but he should not have to drag a reluctant congregation along.

Help him as a counselor to people in special need.

Help your minister immediately to become acquainted with people in the area who are professionally trained in social service, such as family service league, Alcoholics Anonymous, and other groups. One of his valuable services will be to refer persons who come to him for help to appropriate agencies.

Help members of your church to understand how much of a minister's time is taken up if people really turn to him for counseling and guidance. Protect him from gossip that often accompanies personal service to people.

If he uses an illustration from the pulpit that seems to reveal a confidence, let him know at once so that he can strengthen his guard against this.

Encourage him, by time release and payment of expenses, to take advantage of in-service training opportunities.

Help him as a Christian educator.

Follow the minister's lead in utilizing professional help in teacher guidance and other leadership training. This may mean employing a competent local person to work part time or full time in this field. If the minister does not take the lead, encourage your commission on education to do so.

Encourage a realistic survey of your facilities for education, with professional counsel if practicable, to see if they are adequate.

Assist your minister in strengthening the adult study program in your church. The vitality of the educational program can be gauged in terms of adult participation.

Help him as a family man.

Respect the parsonage with courtesies that would be accorded any private residence.

Regard your minister's wife as a new resident in the community, and not as a necessary adjunct to him.

Help his entire family to feel at home.

Insist that adequate vacation time be allowed the minister, and assist him in arranging for ministerial services in his absence. Do not call him back from vacation except in the most urgent circumstances.

Encourage the minister to take time off with his family every week. If pressures of his work make this impossible, encourage him to take a two or three-day break each month away from work in lieu of a day each week.

Help him to be respected among his peers.

Regard his responsibilities outside his own parish, including committee work in the district and the conference, as an asset to the church and not as a liability, unless it is overdone.

Make it possible for your minister to participate in refresher courses, special seminars, and pastors' schools which will equip him for better services.

Asking laymen to help a minister in these ways is asking a lot. But much is asked of him in his ministry. A team of laymen in continuous consultation with their pastor in ways like these can make the difference in a church between a strong ministry and a weak one. □

South Carolina's Sea Islands...

Where Poverty Is Total

By JIM HASKINS

A CONSPICUOUS part of the Atlantic coastal terrain near Charleston, S.C., is a string of low, flat islands. The inhabitants of these sea islands are descendants of slaves who fled there to escape bondage or were brought there, after slavery was abolished in the West Indies, by Bahamian planters.

Mr. Haskins is a former stock trader, ex-teacher of retarded Harlem children, and author of the recently published Diary of a Harlem Schoolteacher. *He now writes, lectures, and studies for a doctorate in psychology.*—Your Editors

These early settlers were joined after the Civil War by members of the First South Carolina Volunteers, a black regiment, who rowed their way across the bays and took land on the islands for their own. For generations these people have lived in all-black hamlets, holding intact their customs and traditions and half maintaining speech patterns of their African ancestry.

I visited the sea islands recently to see the beginnings of organized assistance being provided for people of this poverty-stricken area by the United Methodist Board of Missions. The board's National Division is financing a child-development center which offers day care for preschool children on Johns Island. The division also helped to purchase a bus to transport children to the center, and is planning a health clinic to offer basic medical care.

I was met in Charleston by the Rev. Willis T. Goodwin, a young black native and resident of Johns Island. If any outsider expects his

visit to the sea islands to be fruitful, he must be accompanied by a trusted person like Mr. Goodwin for islanders are suspicious of strangers.

Driving west from the city, we passed through St. Andrews, a white community where stately old plantation houses and new-world mansions still stand. Then angling south, we crossed an old drawbridge onto Johns Island where gray moss hung majestically from the huge limbs of evergreens, oaks, and magnolias. The one new building on this part of the island is the U.S. post office which serves several islands. Some have no mail service at all.

Up the road a bit we stopped at a small wooden house, painted originally with a pink lime base. Behind the house is a gray, weather-beaten outdoor toilet. In the three rooms of the house live a mother and her 14 children including her oldest daughter, 17, who has two children of her own. They have a kerosene heater and an outdoor water pump. Willis Goodwin, a tall kindly man, reached into the back of his 1964 station wagon to get some clothes and insect spray for them. As she took these gifts, the woman shouted, "Praise the Lord. Thank you, Jesus!"

From there we went to Mr. Goodwin's own home, a modest white frame house belonging to The United Methodist Church, which he shares with his wife, Eartha, and two sons. As usual the front porch was piled with old clothes which Charleston church people give for the poor. Throwing a final armful into the station wagon, we drove away again.

Farther into the interior of Johns Island we passed a group of young men and women who yelled, "Rev! Rev!" and waved as we passed. When we met a group of children, Mr. Goodwin stopped and asked about their families: "How's your mama?" "Why haven't you been in Sunday school?" "When are you going to start school? They're waiting on you up there." He apparently knew every name and face and the problems of each family.

At one shack a fat lady with no teeth and large sores on her arms and legs came out to greet us. She told me she is the mother of 17 or 18 children still living, but she does not know how many she has given birth to. She remembers that maybe four or five died. Her house has no electric lights, no running water, and a roof through which I could see the last rays of daylight.

The only municipal services on any of the islands are on James and Johns Islands, but as far as most blacks are concerned, the services are unavailable since they live in the woods a good distance from roads. Besides, few of them could afford to pay for electricity, gas, or telephones. There are no firehouses, hospitals, public transportation, or sewer systems on Edisto or Yonges.

The closest doctor or dentist is miles away in a newly constructed private clinic which does not serve black people.

The infant mortality rate is high on the islands. No one really knows exactly how many babies are born each year nor the percentage of them that die. Ninety-five percent of all the Johns Island black babies are born at home. Mr. Goodwin tells of finding a young mother frozen to death with her baby still sucking at her breast. She had died while trying to keep the child warm with old rags. We saw one young mother feeding her three-month-old the gravy from a pork-and-beans can.

Noticeably absent in all the places we visited were men. Most of them are migrant workers or have gone to northern cities to find jobs.

SOME island women work in the plantationlike homes of affluent whites outside Charleston. From their employers (always referred to as "my missus") these women sometimes receive old clothing and food left over from the whites' tables. Indeed, the children of these working mothers are probably the best fed of any on the islands. The federal food-stamp program is of little help to the islanders since they cannot afford to buy the stamps and many are unaware the program exists.

The substantial black middle class in Charleston is largely uninterested in the "Geechee," as the island people are called. For the most part the Geechee have nothing culturally in common with the city blacks, though many of the latter are the offspring of island people. However, most Charleston blacks today are the descendants of house slaves, and these "upper-class" types still feel superior to those island people whose ancestors were the field slaves.

Some blacks, notably Jim Clyburn of the South Carolina Commission for Farm Workers, are aware of the islanders' plight and are attempting to rectify state property laws which affect them, particularly the issue of clouded land titles.

While most of the families have lived on the land for generations, they cannot lay claim to it. The original runaway slaves who settled the islands were not considered settlers and so received no land grants from the king of England or later from the state. When South Carolina began passing laws governing property ownership, the people in the islands did not take proper steps to insure ownership of land they lived on. Charleston County today sees the people as nothing more than squatters and has begun moving them off the land in accordance with "due process." The land then is sold to low-income families who qualify for FHA loans, and these usually are not the families who lived on the property.

Clyburn sees the political advantage in maintaining land and homes for the approximately 50,000 Geechee scattered throughout the islands. At the moment, they are politically sterile, largely because of the migratory and seasonal work habits of their men. Unless housing can be stabilized, the Geechee either will be pushed off the islands or will lose their own heritage in contacts with the outside world as they move into new areas.

According to some reports, the Black Panthers are building a strong following among the islands' young people. An articulate young man of about 27 who has spent some time in Charleston and New York apparently is the force behind the Panther movement. He is a bitter foe of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference which he sees as a politically motivated organization that does nothing for the people except march them up and down the streets of Charleston.

A skilled organizer among the illiterate poor would not have to look far for fears and hates to exploit. There are visible remnants of Old South plantationism as it existed 150 years ago. Private golf clubs, beaches, and outboard motor clubs for whites only contrast sharply with the worm-

infested children I saw, the acute diarrhea, the venereal disease in latent stages, and the arrested tuberculosis cases which only people like Willis Goodwin are concerned about.

Throughout my visit I was glad Mr. Goodwin had supplied me with insect repellant. The mosquitoes were large and the only form of life I saw that appeared to have ample nourishment. The diet for humans consists mainly of rice and fish that are caught in the backwaters and at low tides. Without these natural resources, many islanders undoubtedly would starve. Children have no milk, eggs, or fresh fruit for months at a time.

At Wesley Memorial United Methodist Church, we talked with Esau Jenkins, who wears many hats on Johns Island. He is chairman of the Voters League and president of a Citizens Loan Improvement Association, which has had some small successes. The association established the first credit union for the poor island people who for years had been victimized by Charleston loan sharks. With money from the association, Mr. Jenkins helped Pastor Goodwin and his parishioners build Wesley Church with their own hands.

One night we had a conversation with VISTA volunteers in the home of James Clyburn, who had a lot to say about the political and economic plight of black people in Charleston and black political apathy in general.

Clyburn feels that a better life for people out on the islands will come only when Charleston blacks lead the way. Lower-income blacks in the city are trying to organize themselves into a viable political force. "Black people are 57 percent of the population in Charleston and they don't even know it," says Clyburn, "because the white press and the county clerk never say anything about registration numbers."

There are people on Johns and Petersfield Islands who have not been to Charleston in their lives. Willis Goodwin told me there are children "so far back into the country that there is no way to tell how many there are." Settlements with no more than four shacks have as many as 30 or 40 children, some of whom have never been inside a school except a church school.

Johns Island has two county migrant camps. Two years ago both

Native-born Willis T. Goodwin (wearing cross), United Methodist minister who lives on Johns Island, knows every face, every name, every problem. Infant mortality is high and malnutrition widespread. Since medical facilities for black people are almost nonexistent, most babies are born at home.

were condemned by the health department. Each year, however, the Charleston Housing Authority gets a waiver to continue to operate. The private camps are worse because their fees range anywhere from $6 to $22 a week for each unit. The workers are referred to by some people as "the slaves we rent."

On Edisto Island Mr. Goodwin showed me a migrant camp operated by the state of South Carolina. It looks like a group of nice white block structures. The minister explained that each of the eight buildings contains rooms measuring 10 by 10 feet and that each room houses up to 15 people. Migrant workers say they pay $11 a week to live in them. Charleston County earns approximately $65,000 a month from rental of these structures, and yet officials claim there is no charge.

Next to the camp is a branch station house of the county police. This County Station No. 2, a brick building sitting in the middle of about half an acre, is seasonally operated when migrant workers are living in the camp. The steel chain-link fence around it is used as a jail whenever migrant workers get drunk or cut up or do not pay their bills. The camp itself is locked every night when the workers return. They can leave only on weekends and when they have a pass from the camp manager.

People on the islands know they are totally powerless. They cannot protest or boycott in order to improve their lot because the white man owns or controls everything, including the land on which they live and the farms on which they work. Having been on four of the islands, I can understand their resignation.

Willis Goodwin has been working to better this situation, but for the most part he has been ignored. Social Security is nonexistent because the men work seasonally and are migrants. Their jobs are not covered.

We stopped by a section of the coast where 10 or 12 shrimp boats were anchored in the harbor. A large number of men from Wadmalaw Island work on these boats and live on them as they follow the shrimp from South Carolina to Florida.

When the shrimpers are in port, the men spend their money wining and dining girls. They leave many local girls pregnant and an epidemic of venereal disease. Often the girls do not even know the fathers of their children; and many of the children have severe birth defects resulting from mothers' venereal infections.

On low-lying Petersfield Island, tides come right up to people's doorsteps. In one "quarter" (a term derived from "slave quarters"), six or seven shacks fan out across a lush green pasture. Only two have floors, and the others are shells set on dirt. The people get their water from a half-drained well, and as a result many of the children are sickly. There is no electricity, no sewage system, not even outdoor toilets.

Petersfield probably has more cases of malaria than any other place in the United States. I saw naked children covered with sores, mosquito bites, and suffering from malnutrition. Fat flies squatted on their bodies.

WE STOPPED at one house but could not ascertain the exact number of children because they ran away as we approached. At another, a one-room shack, we found two women and six children. We gave out the usual clothes, insect spray, birth-control pamphlets, and old church-school literature. Then Mr. Goodwin added some blankets. The overjoyed women shouted, "Praise the Lord! Thank you, Jesus!" And they posed for pictures.

One of the women told us about a potion she prepared for her children who had worms. It was from a recipe passed down by her mother and consisted of juice of jimsonweed (poisonous) mixed with turpentine and given with a little castor oil. She said it was guaranteed "to make the worms go away"—and everything else, I suspected.

There are no churches on Petersfield. When people die, their families bury them and wait for the preacher to come to conduct the funeral services later. The wait may be as long as two months. By the time he arrives, the preacher usually has five or six funerals in a day. He also gives the blessing of the church to couples who have "joined hands" in marriage since his last visit.

There is no poverty like rural poverty. It is a crude, primitive wait for death. Poverty on these islands is hopeless because it is ubiquitous. There is no allowance for fantasies of the outside world because in order to fantasize one must know or have seen some part of that outside world.

Put such a person in an urban setting and he would be destroyed by the pressures which bear down on his city counterparts. He must be taught—through VISTA and other volunteer organizations and through the church—that another world exists beyond the islands, a world which can help him.

One Sunday I attended services at the newly renovated Wesley Memorial Church in deep woods on Johns Island. The crowd was good in spite of blinding rain, and it was refreshing to see whole families coming to church together. Many came in car pools. Those who walked changed into their Sunday shoes which they had carried in brown paper bags. Incongruously, one lady had hers in a Macy's shopping bag.

Soon the people began reeling and rocking and clapping their hands. It was double-time clapping, juxtaposed with slow and mournful singing that sounded strange and eerie. They seemed transfixed on something not present and something that only they knew about. The religious basis of soul music was obvious.

Mr. Goodwin's sermon was titled *My Hands Are in Thy Hand,* and he talked about the need for the people to hold God's hand and to use their hands to help their brothers and neighbors. At the end he asked everyone to hold or shake someone else's hand, and I found myself feeling close to people who were no longer strangers—a good feeling.

Then the minister opened the church door (new members or "people out of Christ" can join in at this point in the services), while the organist played and the people sang:

Precious Lord, take my hand,
Lead me on, let me stand
Through the dark,
Through the light.
I'm tired, I'm weak;
Precious Lord, lead me on.

Finally, an old man said a prayer which seemed to come from the mouth of an angel. I am sure it came from the depth of his suffering.

The church can no longer ignore the resignation of these people to the plight of their lives. We live in a society where there is plenty. There *is* enough to eat; there *are* enough clothes; there *should be* enough to give. □

Sunday morning of the two-day festival is set aside for worship under the trees on the Willow Church grounds.

Folk-Singing Days *in Willow Valley*

FIRST, to set the stage, take broad pastures, green cornfields, shade trees in full leaf, and a blue summer sky arching over gently rolling rural horizons. Add a little white church, aged 110 years.

Bring in hundreds of people from surrounding farms, from neighboring towns and cities, plus many out-of-state visitors. Next erect an outdoor platform, provide benches and a loud-speaker system. Then tell everybody

Clap your hands, stamp your feet, pick your guitar, greet your neighbor, shake hands with a stranger, and be sure to come back again! That's the spirit of the Willow Valley Folk Fest at Willow United Methodist Church near Stockton, Illinois—a Saturday afternoon and evening of fun and entertainment, followed by a Sunday of worship and fellowship. Farmers and city folks, local and visiting musicians, young and old join in the celebration on the shady lawn of a 110-year-old church surrounded by cornfields and meadows.

to gather around and plan to enjoy themselves. Then strike up the music!

That is the plan for the third annual Willow Valley Folk Fest to be held August 8 and 9 near Stockton in picturesque Jo Daviess County at the northwestern corner of Illinois.

Your great-great-grandparents would soon feel at home, as they would have during those two days last August when the second annual festival was celebrated at Willow United Methodist Church. Our automobiles would have been strange to our remote ancestors, of course, as would our manner of dress, but they would recognize many a note when the picking and singing of folk and bluegrass music got underway.

Even the United Methodist Parish, of which Willow Church is a part, includes the same four preaching locations the early settlers knew in the region a century ago.

"Our one-day folk festival in 1968 was so successful that we decided on the two-day event," said Craig R. Miller, who at that time served as assistant pastor. "The first festival drew nearly 400 performers and listeners."

Under the shade trees again last summer, farmers met rock groups, city folk met country folk, and each came away with a better understanding of the other. The crowds almost doubled those of the year before, and more than $700 was raised for the little 45-member church.

"Our theme was 'A New Laughter—A Celebration of Life,' " said the Rev. George E. Furnival, pastor of the four-church charge that includes Willow, Pearl City, Kent, and Van Brocklin. "The music program began on Saturday afternoon. Our performers included professionals and amateurs, coffeehouse dabblers and youngsters." All were invited to take the stage for as long as they liked—but the number of performers present finally forced a limit to each appearance.

The place names in the region tell something of the countryside. South of Willow is Pleasant Valley; to the east is Pearl City; and not far to the northwest is Galena, historic Mississippi River town and home of Ulysses S. Grant.

The idea for the Willow Valley festival originated almost six years ago when the paths of a Chicago advertising man and a Willow resident accidentally crossed. The Chicagoan, Marv Governale, was en route to Wyoming when his sports car broke down near Stockton. He was befriended by Bob Kaminski, an employe of a national dairy foods company, and spent the night at Mr. Kaminski's home while his car was being repaired. They found a mutual interest in folk and bluegrass music. It turned out that Mr. Kaminski had organized a bluegrass group which had appeared on television. They no longer appear commercially but frequently give free programs for hospitals, churches, and similar groups.

"The beauty of the Willow setting makes it an ideal location to further the appreciation of folk, bluegrass, and traditional music," says Mr. Governale. "Willow was settled in the 1830s. Once it had two stores, two nearby schoolhouses, and a post office. Now, because of good roads and the automobile, what remains of the community consists only of a few farm homes and a little church that needs financial help to survive.

"The spirit of a great American dream still mingles among the hillside pastures and fields, and among the hearts of the Willow people. Willow is both young and old, remote, yet nearby. It is surely American pastoral beauty at its best," the Chicago adman concludes.

Many people of the community play guitar or banjo, fiddle or harmonica—instruments most often associated with the bluegrass music that originated in Kentucky and now has spread from Nashville's Grand Ole Opry to New York's Carnegie Hall.

Last August, performers and fans came to Willow from Stockton, Freeport, Rockford, and Chicago; others drove in from Wisconsin, Iowa, and Indiana. Many took part in Saturday-evening campfire singing and the extemporizing that went on until 10 p.m. Some brought picnic lunches; others purchased soft drinks and home-cooked food provided by the women of Willow. Overnight accommodations were available in three nearby state parks

"Our emphasis, particularly on Saturday, was simply in seeing that everybody had a good time," said Mr. Kaminski. "We were together to learn and teach, and to make new friends. We even had afternoon workshops in music making."

Sunday morning, however, was set aside for a folk worship service. Again the visitors and members found the church lawn an ideal setting, this time for a simple, contemporary service designed to deepen one's faith in God and his fellowman.

Worship began with a number titled *Thirsty Boots,* followed by the invocation, and a call for the congregation to "make a joyful noise unto the Lord." (Whistles, applause, the stamping of feet, and the sound of noisemakers.)

Scripture readings and prayers were interspersed by such songs as *This Land Is Your Land, The Virgin Mary Had a Baby Boy, Richard Cory, When the Saints Go Marching In, If I Had a Hammer.*

Behind it all, the festival directors say, is a desire to get people involved as active participants in worshiping God in a way that is meaningful to them.

"For too long," one said, "ministers have been the performers with congregations sitting back, hopefully to listen to what we have to say.

"We see the Willow Valley Folk Fest as being successful also in bringing a new kind of ministry to the city people who attend. Here is something they seldom if ever see—worship and joyous celebration in the freedom and beauty of natural surroundings."

How, the ministers were asked, do the people of Willow Church react to the visitors, many of them strangers from the city?

"The most important thing we can learn," one replied, "is that people are people, and that most of them are good people regardless of where they come from, and that each has a contribution to make to the life and welfare of his fellowman." —*Herman B. Teeter*

The mountain preacher could be killed for "meddling in"—either by "Bad Bill" Henderson, who had shot down more than a dozen men, or by his enemy-to-the-death, Johnson Maiden, whose gun was cocked and ready. A true story from the Kentucky hills.

Blessed Are the Peacemakers

By HIRAM M. FRAKES

THE Henderson-Maiden feud had reached a peak of violence in the hills of southeastern Kentucky. "Bad Bill" Henderson, "king of the hill" in those bloody lands 20 miles from Pineville, had his shooting iron cocked and primed for Johnson Maiden. The sheriff had sent word asking me to do what I could to keep the feud from breaking out into large-scale slaughter.

I had become acquainted with both men shortly after I resigned my pastorate in Pineville to explore the possibilities of "civilizing" and evangelizing that remote and lawless area. My decision came one day in 1925 when I heard a judge angrily dismiss a group of uncooperative hill people who had been summoned to testify in a murder case.

"All right!" he shouted. "Go back to your hills, and kill each other off. When you're all dead, we'll come in and bring civil government to your community."

The judge, who happened to be a member of my church, turned to me and apologized for his outburst. But his frustration was understandable. For two days the mountaineers had sat in tight-lipped silence, defying the court and all its efforts to get testimony fixing the blame in a vicious series of murders.

"These people need help," I said to the judge. "I think I'll go out and look the place over."

I went out, I looked it over, and decided to resign my city church. I would take on the challenge of Kentucky's bloody "South America," as it was called because of its wild isolation.

Bill Henderson was one of the first men I met. Reportedly, he had killed 18 men (but modestly claimed the number was nearer 13). Underneath, I felt, there was a great deal of decency in this feuding patriarch of the hills. He soon reinforced that impression when he signed over 65 acres of land so that I could build a church and school for the hundreds of mountain children who were being deprived of both education and religion. This would become nationally known as Henderson Settlement—but that is another story.

Bill Henderson and Johnson Maiden, long-time enemies, shared one thing in common—the code of self-preservation: "He'll kill me if I don't kill him." Theirs was the old law: "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

After the sheriff's appeal, I decided to see Bill Henderson first. I would try to persuade him to take the initial step toward a peaceful settlement of the feud. Others warned me not to go. I could be killed for "meddling in," as the mountaineers called it.

I thought of this as I stood at the top of a hill overlooking the Henderson cabin. I saw smoke from the stone chimney rising into the clear morning sky and knew that Bill was up and about. I prayed as I looked out over the laurel-covered hills: "Lord, I don't know what I'm going to do or say, but please help me."

When I knocked, Bill opened the door and invited me in with customary hospitality. We visited for a few minutes, engaging in small talk. Then, when I noticed Bill's rifle in a rack over the kitchen door, I said:

"Bill, you were carrying that gun the other day when I saw you on the road. What for?"

"I was afraid I'd run into Johnson Maiden."

"What if you had run into him?"

"I'd have shot him."

I looked Bill Henderson straight in the eye. I knew he had killed 13 men, and I didn't want to become number 14. But I said:

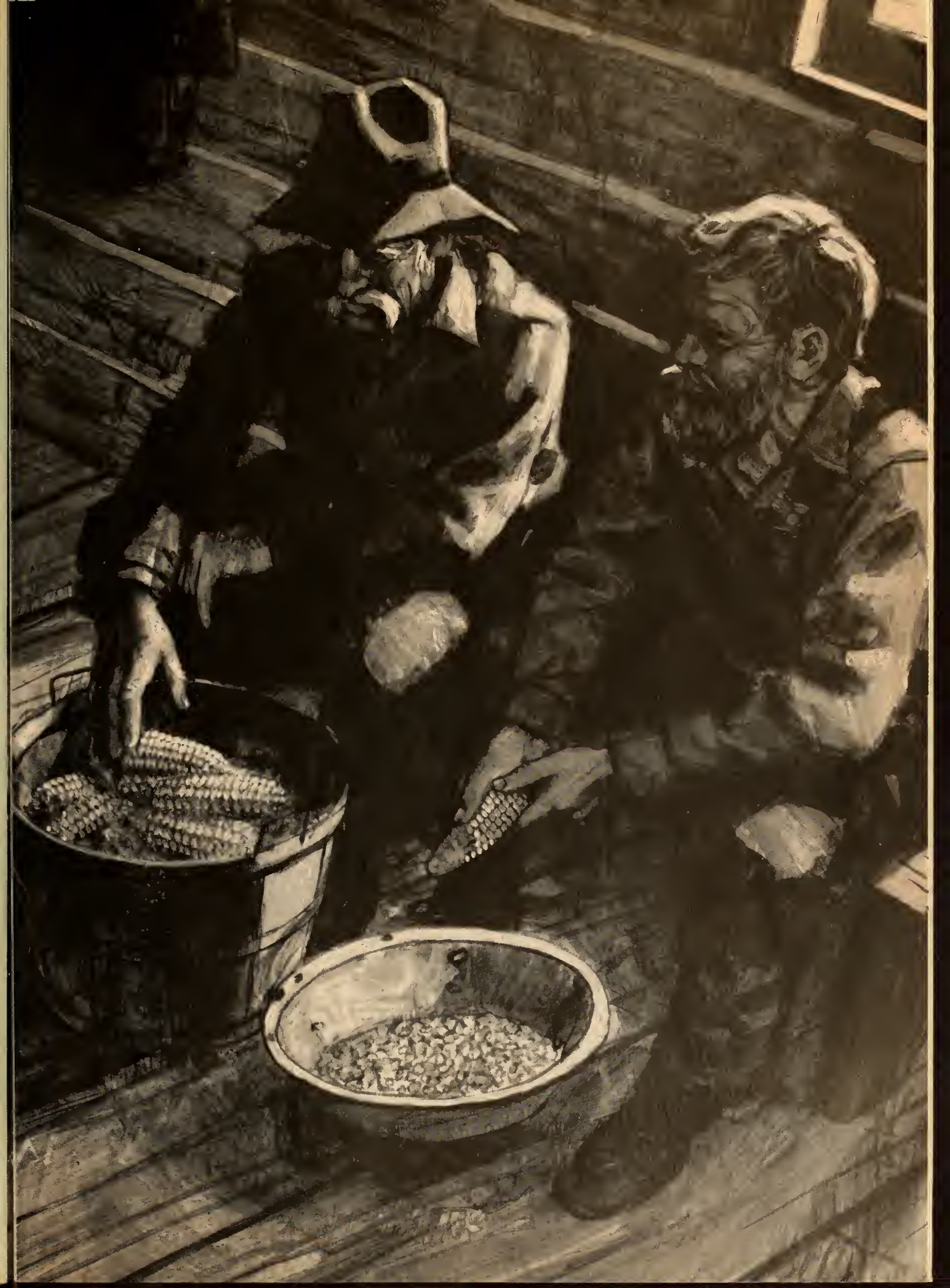
"Bill, you're afraid of Johnson. Johnson's afraid of you. The only thing wrong with you two is fear. If we could get that out of you two men, this thing could be settled."

The mountain man glanced up at the gun then toward the floor, but he remained silent so I went on:

"I want you to agree to meet Johnson in my presence and settle this trouble in a Christian way. I want you to prove to the mountain people, and to all the world, that there is no need of killing people to settle disputes."

Bill chewed thoughtfully on a piece of cornbread he had taken from a plate on the kitchen table. Then he said:

"Parson, the Maidens have tormented me for more



than 20 years. They've burned my fences, killed my cattle . . . ," and he added, his face flushed with anger, only recently one of them had put a bullet into his body.

"But Bill," I said, "you've tried violence. I ask you, has it settled anything? I'm your friend. Why don't you listen to me and try God's way?"

The tension in his face relaxed, and as he pondered my question, his eyes moistened. He turned to his wife who was sitting silently nearby.

"I'm going to say something to this preacher that no mountain man ever said before."

Then Bill Henderson said: "Parson . . . I will quit if Johnson will quit."

It had been a great moment in my life when Bill Henderson gave me land for the new school, but this moment was even greater, I told the grizzled mountaineer, putting my arms around his shoulders.

The next morning, I passed the Henderson cabin on my way up the mountain to the Maiden home. Bill limped out to meet me, still troubled by the wound he had received a few weeks before.

"Just tell Johnson that I'll stop if he will," he said again.

When I reached the Maiden house, Johnson answered the door and invited me in. The atmosphere was a little tense, for Johnson knew that Bill and I were friends.

As usual we exchanged small talk. Then I got to the point of my visit:

"Johnson," I said, "you were down at the mission store the other day. You were carrying a gun. Is that right?"

He nodded.

"Were you just going squirrel hunting?"

"No, sir," Johnson said, shyly. "I was afraid I would run into Bill Henderson. I knew he'd shoot me if I didn't shoot him."

"That's the same thing Bill told me yesterday. There is nothing but fear standing between you two men. Do you know that?"

"Yup."

"I talked to Bill yesterday. He agreed to meet you and settle this matter in a Christian way. I want you to go with me to Bill's house and make peace with him."

Johnson Maiden twitched nervously. "I don't want to go down there and get hurt."

I assured him that no harm would come to him.

For a few suspenseful seconds that seemed like minutes, Johnson Maiden looked me straight in the eyes.

"Parson, I believe you are a good man. I'm going with you to see Bill Henderson."

On the way down the mountain, the old mountaineer remarked sadly, "Bill and I have had a heap of trouble through the years. We're gettin' old, and I hope we can make friends before we die."

Henderson, who had seen us approach his cabin, invited us to "come on in." I followed Johnson into the cabin.

When Bill said "Howdy, Johnson," and Johnson returned his "Howdy, Bill," I felt a terrible load roll off my mind and soul. These were the first kind words either man had spoken to the other in many years.

"Johnson, let the parson have the big chair. You come around here and sit by me."

Bill was seated on a wooden bench. He was shelling corn for the gristmill. Johnson picked up an ear of corn and began to help his old enemy. The two talked and laughed about the days they had played together in the hills and fields of southeastern Kentucky. I let them visit like this for a few minutes, then I said:

"Men, we have come here on serious business. You have both told me that you would shoot each other upon meeting. Nothing is between you fellows but fear. I want you to make peace today in the presence of God. I will be a witness to it. I want you to show your neighbors a new and better way to settle disputes."

Bill looked at Johnson and said, "Johnson, I ain't got nothin' agin' you."

"I ain't got nothin' agin' you either, Bill," came the reply.

I could see the old pride fade away. I could see the old fear vanish. And as I knelt in prayer to seal their bond of peace, the two old foes joined me as two humble children.

"This is a great day for the mountains," I said, embracing the two. "Let's have a peace dinner at the church next Sunday." They shook hands and agreed.

I shall never forget that Sunday. Bill Henderson and five of his cronies sat across the aisle from Johnson Maiden and six of his henchmen. Mabel Henderson, Bill's pretty 12-year-old daughter, sat at the piano—she had learned to play at our Settlement School. As she played the first hymn, tears came to Bill's eyes.

Later the two clans faced each other across the table at a peace dinner which was more than a dinner —it was a sacrament sealing a covenant made on their knees. Bill Henderson and Johnson Maiden had buried the three things that create conflict between nations and people: envy, fear, and pride. God had done the rest, and the feud was over.

Bill Henderson was destined to die by the gun, however. A few years later he was shot down while planting potatoes, his two youngest children by his side. Like a grim specter out of the past, feuding had returned to visit upon the old mountaineer the fate he had visited upon so many others.

At the funeral, I stood by the side of the homemade coffin to preach a tribute to the rough-and-ready friend who had helped me through the years. Beside me, so close I could feel his shoulders as I gestured, stood Johnson Maiden. He, too, was helping to lay away Bill Henderson with all the tenderness and goodwill at his command. □

Chaplain on the Medical Team

By ELEANORE MOOBERRY

THE VOICE at the other end of the telephone line was businesslike and crisp. "This is the out-patient department. We've just received a boy who's been in a car accident. The emergency room says his injuries are critical, and his mother is on the way. Can you come? We think we may need help."

"I'll be there" is the terse reply.

A glance at the clock: 1:45 a.m. He starts getting dressed, quietly so as not to disturb his wife's sleep. Minutes later he backs the car out of the garage and starts his drive through dark streets.

Nine hours a day, six days a week at the hospital, he confronts fear, anger, sorrow, and despair. The tension of a doctor's hours occasionally is relieved by the pleasure of delivering a long-wanted baby or hearing a patient's gratitude for recovering. But he is not a doctor. He is a chaplain, one of a new breed trained for this specialized ministry, and a chaplain deals mainly with people in trouble —a woman terrified of tomorrow's surgery, the despairing mother of a stillborn baby, a man whose son has lost his sight.

This particular chaplain is the Rev. Charles E. Funk and, together with his two assistants, he is responsible for the emotional and spiritual needs of more than 550 patients and 300 student nurses at Nebraska Methodist Hospital in Omaha. This includes the Eppley Complex which is housed in the old Methodist Hospital buildings and serves the needs of elderly patients and people needing extensive rehabilitation.

Entering Chaplain Funk's office for an interview, I was greeted by a slender man with glasses and a slow smile. "Do sit down," he said. "I understand you want to know about my job here."

Almost at once I felt at ease, and as the interview progressed the feel-

An elderly heart patient in the intensive-care ward at Nebraska Methodist Hospital responds to Chaplain Funk's bedside ministry. The special training he received at Texas Medical Center in Houston enables him to help patients accept and overcome their fears and worries.

ing grew that this was a man who really listens to what people say.

"I understand you do things quite differently from the way they were done 10 or 20 years ago," I said.

"Yes, in those days a chaplain generally was a minister who was too old to have a pastorate. He helped some people, but many needed more than he could give.

"I remember as a young man walking along beside my grandfather as he was wheeled down the hall on his way to surgery. Just before the elevator door closed, his pastor hurried toward us. He had time to call out only one cheering comment: 'I hope you make it!' "

We laughed together and Chaplain Funk went on: "I remember thinking there must be a better way. Eventually both doctors and ministers recognized the need for something else, and through their joint efforts, a whole new approach was born. It is called clinical pastoral education."

"What does that mean?"

"It means," he explained, "learning to combine the insights of psychology with theology and the pastoral approach. Nowadays we don't feel we must jump in and solve the patient's problem for him. Rather, we make it easier for him to unburden himself, to bring out his fears, his worries, his feelings of insecurity."

"And then?"

"We help him to see the direction he feels he should take. When he has made some headway on that road, we strengthen him with the assurance of faith. After all, that's the purpose of religion—helping a person to be at peace with God and himself."

"Is clinical pastoral education a standard course in most seminaries?"

"Not yet, but many are adding it to their curriculum. Let me explain how I became interested in this special training. For 20 years I'd been a minister, but at times I felt totally inadequate when trying to help a person in trouble. So I made inquiries and finally enrolled in the Institute of Religion connected with the Texas Medical Center. It meant taking a year off and moving my family to Houston. Under the direction of a supervisor, I spent half my time visiting hospital patients, writing verbatim reports of the visits, and discussing them with my fellow students and the class supervisor.

"He used to ask, 'What was that woman trying to say? Do you think you really understood her? Couldn't you have helped her more by letting her unburden herself a bit longer before you started to talk?' "

"You said this training was a joint effort of doctors and ministers. Did you have any contact with doctors at this school?"

"Oh, yes. The other half of my time was spent listening to lectures by psychologists and doctors. And there were interpersonal interaction sessions where the ministers talked over their reactions to various situations and to one another's feelings. We learned that it is natural even for a minister to back away from anger, bitterness, and misery. We learned that not until we understood our own feelings could we accept and react helpfully to the feelings of others."

"It seems to be a combination of theology and psychiatry," I said. "Could you give an example of how it works?"

"I can describe an emergency we had recently which lasted only a short time. A girl had been admitted with acute anxiety that made her cry all the time. Neither the nurses nor her doctor could get her to say what was bothering her, and medication gave her no relief. She couldn't pour out her troubles because she wasn't communicating—with anybody. When the doctor phoned with arrangements to transfer her to a psychiatric hospital, the call was taken by a nurse who had just come on duty and didn't know the patient's condition. Since the girl had no family here with her, the nurse told the girl herself that she was to be moved to another hospital.

"This sent the girl into hysterics. Her whole body stiffened. When I arrived, I told her I was the chaplain, took her hand and started rubbing it. I said, 'You're desperately afraid of something. What is it?'

"She stopped sobbing long enough to say, 'That other hospital!' I said, 'Your doctor feels they can help you more than we can here. What is it about that other hospital you're afraid of?'

" 'I don't want to be locked up!'

"I said, 'I know that hospital locks up only those patients who need to be protected.'

"The nurse was rubbing the girl's other hand and said, 'Yes, I know that's true. Only those patients who need to be and you certainly don't.'

"By this time the girl was listening closely to what we were saying and breathing more regularly. I said, 'Your fingers were stiff and rigid because of your fear. They're more loose now . . . Even after you leave here, we'll still be interested and will find out how things are going with you.'

"That brought a small smile. Of course her problems weren't all solved but the immediate crisis was past and she was able to think more rationally. Usually I take time to establish a climate so that the patient can communicate his feelings, but in this case that was out. I think the physical contact and getting her to admit her fear gave her an awareness that she was not alone and that somebody understood her feelings."

The telephone rang and Chaplain Funk gave some instructions about chapel services for the nurses. His secretary popped in with the mail and a telephone number he was to call.

"You're a busy man," I said. "What is the most important part of your job here?"

"I think it's seeing the people who are going to be operated on. After receiving the list of cases scheduled for surgery the next morning, I visit the more serious ones each day. Sometimes there are patients overly apprehensive about minor surgery and I drop in and talk to them."

"Are there some people who don't want to talk to you?"

"Oh, yes. The other evening I stopped to see a man I had talked to before. He faced major surgery the next morning. He was polite but uncommunicative. I sensed that he had had such a struggle with religion during his life that anyone who represented religion made him uncomfortable. He has a right to chart his own course; I ask the same right for myself. Yes, I often run into brick walls. At times I fail, too. But then along comes . . ." He opened a desk drawer, took out a letter, and handed it to me. "Maybe you'd like to read this. It just came this morning."

"Dear Chaplain," the letter read. "When mother died we left the hospital right away, and I didn't have time to thank you for giving me the strength to get through those last

days. I was bitter and had lost my courage but when I was lowest you were there. You bolstered my faith. I don't know how you did it, but I think a lot of it was having someone there who understood what I was going through."

"This should give you a great deal of satisfaction." I said.

"Yes, it does." He looked out the window. "She doesn't realize it but it wasn't I who helped her; it was One who can be heard through me and in spite of me. But before my chaplain's training I wouldn't have known how to go about it."

The phone rang and from the conversation I know the caller was a doctor. When he hung up, I asked, "What about the doctors? Do you ever strike any snags there?"

He grinned. "That's a good question. No, we work very well together now. But I remember one day when I was new at this job. I had been told during my chaplain training that I'd have to earn my spurs, but I guess I forgot. A surgeon had operated on a boy and told the parents he was to have cobalt therapy. Time passed and nothing was done about it. When they couldn't reach the surgeon, they came to me with their concern. I was overeager to help and suggested the radiologist who did that kind of work.

"Well, the next day the surgeon came to me and didn't mince words. 'In the future,' he said, 'you'd better check with the doctor in charge before you give any medical advice.' Since then there have been few head-on collisions with the doctors. That man did me a definite service and now he is one of my strongest backers."

I heard a buzzing sound and looked to see where it was coming from. "It's my bellboy." He showed me a small metal box fastened to his belt. "The hospital can reach me anywhere within 10 miles. Once it buzzed at a banquet just as I was about to give the benediction. Excuse me." He reached for the phone. "This is Chaplain Funk. Was someone trying to reach me? Yes, I remember. I'll be there in 10 minutes."

I could hear the scream of an approaching ambulance and suddenly it stopped. I stood up. "Just one more thing," I said. "Every day you deal with people in pain, troubled people. Are there ever any happy people?"

"Yes, recently I was worried about a man who had had a stroke. He was bitter about it, said if he stayed in the hospital it would eat up most of his savings. His wife was laid up with a broken ankle and if he went home he'd just be a burden on her, so he figured it would be better if he were dead. I called his wife and she said she'd find a way to get to the hospital. When she arrived, I took her in a wheelchair up to her husband's room. When I opened the door and said, "I have a visitor for you," he scowled. But when he saw who it was, his scowl melted. I pushed the wheelchair to the bed and she stretched out her hand. His came to meet it and their radiant faces warmed my heart.

His secretary knocked and came in. "Emergency wants you immediately, Chaplain. A little girl has been badly injured in a car accident."

Quickly I thanked him and left. And I wondered what words he would find to help the father and mother of that little girl. I did not know what the words would be, but after talking with him I felt sure that, drawing on his training, his experience, and his faith, he would be able to give strength to the fearful parents and so lighten the burden that other members of the medical team had to carry. □

'I Had Lost Faith . . . In Everything'

I HAD lost faith in people, in life, in everything. Especially people.

First, in Guam where my husband was a civil service employe, we waited 18 months for our furniture. It finally arrived—completely ruined.

A friend promised she would lend me a sewing machine I needed so badly—then let someone else use it.

Three times in Guam we were promised a Rest and Rehabilitation trip to Japan. Three times, at the last minute, an officer was given priority over us.

Finally in Japan, where a highlight of our stay was the purchase of a beautiful coffee table, we were forced to leave hurriedly ahead of a threatening typhoon. At the plane, my husband pleaded with a stubborn officer to let us bring aboard the costly, intricately carved coffee table we prized so highly. He would not listen. He knew the rules, and he intended to enforce them. The coffee table must be left behind.

Downcast, we noticed a young GI pacing nervously back and forth. We asked if he also was having trouble with regulations. No, he said, his American wife was in a nearby hospital for the birth of their child.

Would he take our precious coffee table and send it to us? He earnestly agreed to do his best.

So we flew back to Guam, stayed there briefly, and returned to our home in California. No coffee table.

We waited months. Then years. Our table never arrived. We gave up, and decided it was lost.

Three years had passed the day our doorbell rang. There in the beautiful California sunshine stood the soldier, my coffee table, and a three-year-old child who spoke fluent Japanese.

I fell into a nearby chair, so overcome I couldn't speak. I looked at that beautiful child who had grown up in a tiny home where our coffee table had to be guarded. No doubt the soft exterior would have been badly marked if his mother hadn't been so intent on saving a piece of furniture for people she had never met.

Now when I lose faith in people, I only have to look at my beautiful hand-carved table. Then my faith in humanity is restored.

—Lila L. Freeman

Now you see them . . . after reaching their Cape Cod destination and the Atlantic Ocean . . .

Travel Camping on Cape Cod

TIME WAS when summer camp meant only one thing—a week, perhaps two, at one location beside a lake, in a mountain setting, or near an ocean beach. More recently, however, mobility has come to camping.

At one end of the nation last summer the 26 rugged Californians pictured on pages 22-26 shouldered their backpacks and took off on foot in the Sierra high country. About the same time at the other end of the United States, young Pennsylvanians were engaged in other kinds of mobile camping.

The Eastern Pennsylvania United Methodist Conference camping program offered four enticing choices: canoe trips into the verdant Adirondack Mountains of upstate New York; five days aboard a sea-going sloop in Chesapeake Bay; a college-campus tour with overnights at each of five schools; and a sand, sea, and driftwood travel camping trip to historic Cape Cod in Massachusetts.

Twenty-three teen-agers signed up for the Cape Cod trip, the largest group ever. They came from churches in 15 towns and cities of the conference, which comprises the

Now you don't . . . playful campers perform handstands on a sand bar off Race Point Beach.

Gleeful fellow campers give Diane Acosta the cover-up treatment, making good use of the endless supply of sand lining Race Point Beach at the tip of Cape Cod. Back in camp, Dori Diernbach makes a flying exit from the back door of the group's bus, nicknamed Yellow Beauty.

southeastern section of the Keystone State. They dubbed themselves the Twenty and Three Plus Four (counselors being a requisite), and that is where our story begins.

Departure day, a Monday, dawned cloudy and gray. Thunder sounded above ominous-looking clouds as parents arrived bringing the excited travelers. Rendezvous was the parking lot of the United Methodist Church in Fairless Hills, a suburb northeast of Philadelphia. Yellow Beauty, a bus rented from the church, awaited its passengers with oilcloth signs exclaiming, "Smile as you go by... Happiness is travel camping to Cape Cod." At 10 a.m., with gear stowed and all Twenty and Three Plus Four on board, Yellow Beauty struck out for Cape Cod and adventure.

"This is the third time I've made this trip," said the Rev. Kenneth E. Buckwalter, program director and a member of the conference travel-camp committee. "The first time we had only 6 kids and didn't make ends meet. It takes at least 10 campers to keep us solvent. Each person pays $40 which includes food, transportation, housing, and insurance. The travel-camp committee keeps $5 of each fee to purchase new equipment and pay for publicity. Tents and other camping equipment are owned by the conference committee."

Destination for the first night was Rocky Neck State Park on Long Island Sound in Connecticut. "The rain started as we left Fairless Hills," recalled Mr. Buckwalter, "and it continued as we drove through New Jersey, over George Washington Bridge into New York, and then up the coast into Connecticut. It was still raining when we arrived at Rocky Neck about 4 p.m., but we unpacked and set up camp anyway. Our campers got a thorough initiation."

The Eastern Pennsylvania Conference's travel camps are an experience in Christian community designed for small-group interaction. "We do not have a structured religious program," Mr. Buckwalter explained. "Rather, we try to use experiences and occasions as they come up to

"What are you doing up so early?" laughs Chris Schleiker as she and Katharine Bachman compare early morning headgear. Later, Barbara Sandel uses some moments alone to read the day's lesson from her daily devotional guide while rain beats steadily against the windows and roof of the bus.

encourage these kids in their own personal growth. Ronald Weir, one of our trip leaders and associate pastor at Emilie United Methodist Church, Levittown, Pa., prepared a devotional guide which we discussed around our evening campfires," he continued. "The first night we had each of the kids share a past experience that meant a good deal to them, and this helped the group get to know each other."

The sun had reclaimed the skies Tuesday morning as the campers arose and devoured stacks of French toast. A visit to Old Mystic, the historic Connecticut seacoast whaling village, headed the day's agenda. Here the travelers explored whaling ships from stem to stern and gained perspective on early Americana. An ocean swim preceded dinner, followed by fellowship around the campfire.

Excitement rose Wednesday morning as the campers began the second leg of their journey to Cape Cod, leaving Connecticut, passing quickly through Rhode Island and on into Massachusetts. Traveling along the scenic coastal route, they crossed onto the peninsula itself over Cape Cod Canal, the artificial waterway which joins Cape Cod Bay with the waters of Buzzards Bay, to the southwest. When built in 1914, the canal cut the distance for water-borne traffic between New York and Boston by more than 70 miles. Continuing up the narrow, hook-shaped peninsula 65 miles to its very tip, the Pennsylvanians found reserved campsites awaiting them at Coastal Acres Campground, part of the Cape Cod National Seashore. A sign at the entrance proclaiming "Hot Showers" added warmth to the welcome!

After an invigorating dip in the bay the ravenous crew devoured Ken Buckwalter's hearty beef stew dinner. Then, as shadows lengthened, they walked into historic Provincetown and stood at the base of the 252-foot Pilgrim Monument where America's most celebrated early travelers arrived in November, 1620. The history lesson continued with the information from Mr. Buckwalter that an earlier visitor, English explorer Bartholomew Gosnold, had anchored his ship in the harbor in 1602. He ordered the nets lowered and when they yielded a huge catch of codfish, he named the land Cape Cod.

Breakfast had a way of starting later each day. Dishes

After a morning powwow inside the bus, campers make an invigorating dash through the raindrops to the relative warmth and dryness of their tents.

were cleared quickly Thursday morning, however, in anticipation of a visit from *Together's* picture editor, George P. Miller. While Yellow Beauty headed for a prearranged meeting point to pick up the photographer, the girls dug for shampoo, curlers, and hair spray. Later, a rollicking baseball game pitted lightweights against heavyweights, and during the afternoon the Twenty and Three Plus Four cavorted amid sand, sea, and driftwood along the scrub-covered dunes of Race Point Beach.

"Tonight we're going to treat the kids to a lobster dinner in Provincetown," Mr. Buckwalter said. "Each of them will get $6 and it's their decision as to how they spend it—whether on lobster or hamburgers. We encourage the kids to make their own decisions as much as possible. For instance, at our powwow this morning they decided to stay here at Coastal Acres another night rather than follow our original plans to spend Friday night at Rocky Neck.

"Usually we make decisions as to what has to be done by the end of the first day. On former occasions we've sometimes had to assign many of the routine chores—preparing meals, cleaning up, pitching tents, and so on. But we've been lucky this time," he emphasized. "I was just talking with the campground owner here, and he is very

With Pilgrim Monument rising in the background, some of the Pennsylvania teen-agers visit an old cemetery on the outskirts of historic Provincetown, Mass.

pleased with the behavior of our group. In fact he said he thought we hadn't even been here last night!"

Reservations had been secured at Coastal Acres at the last minute because the group had become too large for space previously reserved at another nearby campground. "It's getting increasingly difficult," explained Mr. Buckwalter, "to take a group of high-school young people into these campgrounds. They've had some bad experiences with teen-agers and would sooner have family-type groups which are more carefully supervised. But we've had no problems and no incidents at all this time—not even a case of poison ivy or a cut finger. It's amazing!"

That evening, fortified with greenbacks, the Twenty and Three Plus Four went in small groups to Provincetown. In restaurants along the narrow, crowded streets some tackled lobster fresh out of the bay. Others headed for traditional hamburger stands or quaint shops and boutiques where several had their portraits sketched in charcoal. They visited the Chrysler Art Museum (housed in a former Methodist church), a collection started by Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., son of the founder of Chrysler Corporation. A model of the wharf theater commemorates where the Provincetown Players first presented works by Eugene O'Neill. The famed playwright lived in an abandoned rescue station on the dunes when he wrote *Bound East for Cardiff*. Fishing was once the town's major industry, but local residents agree that tourism now takes first place.

After their night on the town, the campers were slow to ken Friday morning. But the patter of rain and the smell ancakes got them slowly to their feet. Later, a trip back town secured provisions for the remainder of the and offered an additional sightseeing opportunity. s were out early Friday night in preparation for a Saturday departure and the long ride home.

was a delightful group," reflected Mr. Buckwalter. d several kids who had never camped before, but a real fine time. Everyone pitched in and did his erything's gone well, and there's been a good n this group."

emained high as Yellow Beauty sped homeward ay. In Fairless Hills parents began arriving to greet ning offspring. Soon after bus driver Ron Weir o the church parking lot and opened the bus cars were loaded and departed amid shouts of !" "Write when you get a chance." "Keep in h with memories of the week's fellowship and the Twenty and Three looked forward to reir friendship, perhaps on another travel camp-970.

—*Patricia Sanberg*

There's an art to eating lobster, Wayne Blattner is about to discover during an evening excursion into Provincetown. In small groups, the Twenty and Three Plus Four explored the 12-block stretch of shops along Provincetown's famed Commercial Street.

Your Faith

Christians seeking truth always have questions about their faith, and Iowa Bishop James S. Thomas discusses some of them each month on this page. Send yours to him c/o TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Should the tenure of local church officers be limited?

✣ Put the question another way: Should the local church make use of all available talent through rotation of leadership? I believe it should—not to limit the service of some but to find and free many others for service and mission.

Some churches do this very well; others allow the leadership to rest only with a small group.

An oppropriate basis for this is found in the Gospel according to Matthew: "And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing; and he said to them, 'Why do you stand here idle all day?' They said to him, 'Because no one has hired us.' He said to them, 'You go into the vineyard too' " (Matthew 20:6-7). The needs of the world require full use of all the leadership talents that can be found and developed.

Does dissent have any place in the church?

✣ Read Paul's letters to the churches and you will have to say yes. The early church made sharing the good news of Christ its highest goal. When this could be done in peace and harmony, it was done gladly. But in confrontation with those who had no regard for the Way, the apostles never thought of buying harmony at the price of betrayal.

Even so gentle a spirit as Stephen was stoned for his faithful delivery of the gospel of Christ (Acts 7). He was no dissenter, but a proclaimer. And what he proclaimed ran against the thoughts and wishes of those who did not follow Christ. There is no value in dissension on minor points. But when one dissents from the verdict of a selfish and proud world, he is in the highest tradition of the prophets and seers of the ages.

Does it make sense to talk in supernatural terms?

✣ After at least five years of radical questioning in theology, a "crisis of faith should be no surprise." Evidence is all around us: talk of secular emancipation, skepticism about "God-talk," insistence upon updating theology and life, loss of faith in the supernatural. To many people, the supernatural makes no sense or difference. This kind of thinking is no new phenomenon. Radical questioning is often found in the Old Testament. Attacks upon idolatry occupied much of the prophets' time. One will have to go very far, indeed, to outdo the skepticism of the Book of Ecclesiastes.

But that is only a small part of the story. Every psychiatrist knows that human life is much like an iceberg: only a little shows above the surface. The natural life simply is not enough to explain human experience. In spite of himself, man points to the supernatural in the very process of being human.

Peter L. Berger, a competent sociologist, has explored this thesis very well in a book entitled ***A Rumor of Angels*** (Doubleday, $4.50). In one place he says: ". . . at the very center of the process of becoming fully human . . . we find an experience of trust in the order of reality."

Three Reasons to Stop the Killing

By CLARENCE J. FORSBERG
Pastor, St. Paul United Methodist Church
Lincoln, Nebraska

WE DO NOT have the chance very often to observe the beginning of a new decade—perhaps only a half dozen times in a lifetime. As I tried a few months ago to list priorities for the 1970s, it turned out to be a long and sobering list. But when I had pruned it down to manageable length, I found myself with one priority that seemed to take precedence over all others.

Our first priority for the '70s must be to stop the killing. I am not thinking about highway casualties, which is another kind of problem. And I am weary of being told that we kill more people on the highways than are killed in Viet Nam, as though that somehow justifies what is happening in Viet Nam. I am not thinking about homicides, which in some of our larger cities have become daily occurrences. I am thinking about war, and specifically the war in Indochina.

The war has been going on for a long time with different people doing the fighting at different times. But since 1961 it has been "our" war. For almost a decade now we have been directly involved, and during that time 40,000 Americans have died there. In addition, more than 100,000 South Vietnamese soldiers have been killed and, according to the Defense Department, there have been almost 600,000 enemy casualties. Add these figures and you have a casualty list of 740,000 persons killed in Viet Nam.

That, of course, does not tell the whole story for the figures do not include civilian casualties. Nor do they include the walking dead—those who have gone through such terror and trauma that they will never again be able to function as normal human beings. The figures do not include those whose bodies lie rotting and undiscovered in some rice paddy or jungle and are known only to God.

I can think of a lot of priorities that are of alarming proportions if we are going to continue inhabiting this planet, but I cannot conceive of any other which could take precedence over the priority to *stop the killing.*

In the Name of Sanity

First, it is utterly insane to believe that we can go on indefinitely killing and being killed. The fact that former Secretary of State Dean Rusk is not considered a "dove" makes a statement of his all the more sobering. He said, "Either we find the answer to the question of peace or we need not worry about the future because there won't be any future. It is simply too late in history to pursue a policy of total hostility for any nation or any people. We must set aside our glandular reactions and try to find agreement even with those that consider themselves our personal adversaries."

If for no other reason, we ought to stop the killing out of pure, unadulterated self-interest. The war is costing more than we can afford. The cost is $135,000 for every Viet Cong we kill. It costs us $69 million a day to stay in Viet Nam. In one year alone, the Vietnamese war cost the American public $25.5 billion.

How long can we go on spending that kind of material resources and offering up such an annual sacrifice of human life and still survive as a nation? Only the United States of America, among the great nations of the world, has committed such resources of material wealth and human life to such an indeterminate struggle.

What, then, about freedom and democracy and national honor?

The answer is that wars are not fought for great ideals; they are fought because there is conflict of interest. I know, of course, that America's sons go off to war because they are patriotic and feel that they owe a duty to country. I know that good men die on the battlefield. But the people who allow wars to start have it within their power to stop them.

All war begins with conflict of interest. Two people, two families, two nations, two sets of national leaders want the same thing. It may be a slice of geography, an economic advantage, or a strategic place from which a defense can be made. The war starts not because of some ideal, but because antagonists want the same thing.

Let no one be so naive as to think that we are in Viet Nam solely out of our concern for the South Vietnamese. We are there because someone decided

it was in our national self-interest to be there. We could purge ourselves of our self-righteousness by openly admitting this.

I believe that it is to our national self-interest now to disengage from the conflict. I wonder precisely what point we will have proved when the war is over. Will it be our military superiority? Will our national honor have been salvaged by hanging on in Viet Nam? Do other nations of the world, many of them our former allies and friends, think better of us for being there? How can anyone believe that we are going to stop the threat of communism by a military victory in Viet Nam?

In the Name of Decency

Second, the longer this war goes on, the greater the price we will have to pay in terms of national character.

The Nebraska State Supreme Court handed down a ruling which upheld a murder conviction. The conviction had been appealed on the basis that the jury was shown a coroner's photograph of the mutilated body and that it was so shocking and traumatic that it unduly influenced the jury. The Supreme Court did not think so. It said that in this age of violence and war such pictures are common and have, in effect, lost their shock value.

That court decision tells us something about what is happening to us as a nation. We complain about pornography and indecency on stage and screen. We complain about the lack of morals among some elements of our population. But few have complained about the inherent obscenity and indecency of war itself. After 10 years of involvement in Viet Nam, it sometimes appears that human life is no longer worth much.

One of my friends commented on the massacre at My Lai. Like others, she has followed news of the war and knows what is going on. But one incident in My Lai touched a raw nerve. It had to do with a little boy, seven or eight years old, standing next to a tangled pile of human bodies. He had found his mother's body among them and stood there holding her cold hand, weeping. A few steps away a soldier knelt in a firing position, aiming his automatic rifle at the boy.

The question now is not only whether we can survive militarily and manage a withdrawal without great loss of life. A more basic question is whether or not we will be able to save our souls.

An old myth would have us believe that war brings out the best in people. It does call forth self-sacrifice and patriotism and courage. When World War I began, the late Harry Emerson Fosdick saw it as a great crusade for democracy. Although he could not bring himself to carry arms, he left his pulpit to enlist as a Red Cross ambulance driver. But when the war was over, he saw the whole experience differently.

In a sermon he said, "When in answer to our nation's call, our men went out to fight and all our people were bound up in a fellowship of devotion to a common cause, so stimulated were we that we almost were convinced that out of such an experience there might come a renaissance of spiritual quality and life. Is there anybody who can blind his eyes to the facts now?

"Every competent witness in Europe and America has had to say that we are on a lower moral level than we were before the war. Crimes of sex and violence have been unprecedented. Large areas of Europe are today in chaos so completely that not one man in a thousand in America even dimly imagines it, with a breakdown of all the normal, sustaining relationships and privileges of civilized life, and with the accompanying collapse of character unprecedented in Christendom since the days of the Black Plague. If we are wise, we will never again go down into hell expecting to come up with spirits redeemed." War does not bring out a nation's best.

In the Name of All That Is Holy

You do not have to be a Christian to understand sanity. You do not have to be a Christian to understand the meaning of decency and morality. But, in the third place, you and I have to look at Viet Nam and what is happening there from another point of view—because we are Christians. We are not perfect people who have been purged of all our faults and weaknesses. We are not morally superior to others. But of all people, we ought to be sensitive to our faults because we have been entrusted with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The human race is a family in which the joy of one becomes the joy of all, and the sorrow of one becomes the sorrow of all. There are tensions within a family; sometimes the members can be cruel or jealous or vicious with one another. But that is not what family life is supposed to be. In our own hearts we know how far that misses the mark. In a family persons are concerned for each other and will not knowingly inflict sorrow or hurt upon another member of the family.

That is what God intends with his creation. Will it ever happen? The record is not very encouraging. But to make it happen, we must stop the killing.

There is a very poignant story out of World War II about an American GI who was lost and presumed dead in the South Pacific. His family mourned his passing with great anguish. Then one day they received a telegram which said that the boy who had been presumed killed actually was alive. He was being treated for wounds in a military hospital, and they would soon hear from him.

It was like having their own private Easter. They were so happy they could hardly express their gratitude. Soon the letters were flowing back and forth, and the young man's family looked forward to his return.

One day they got a letter that disturbed them. It spoke about a buddy who had been badly hurt and was in the same hospital. The boy said that his buddy had lost an arm and a leg and had nowhere to go when he was released from the hospital. He wanted to know if he could bring the boy home and if he could make his home with them. The parents thought about it, and the longer they considered it, the more problems they could anticipate. At last they wrote back and asked him to think it over very carefully before he said anything to his pal. Maybe he could invite him for a visit, so they could get acquainted and see whether or not he would be a burden. If he was badly handicapped, it might be too much of a load for the family.

Several weeks went by without any word, and then the parents received a telegram from the commandant of the hospital. He was sorry to have to tell them that their son had died in a fall from an upper story of the hospital. The body was being shipped home for final rites. When the body arrived, the parents discovered that their son had but one arm and one leg. □

Letters

SUGGESTIONS APPRECIATED BUT WHERE IS BOOK SOLD?

As a concerned parent, I am very grateful for Woodie W. White's concrete suggestions in his article *White Racism and Your Family* [May, page 7].

I am particularly interested in the coloring book *Color Me Brown*, which he refers to in his No. 3 suggestion. This, I feel, would not only benefit my own children but would be of great value to our Southern Box Project family.

Since I am unable to buy this book in my community, I would appreciate it if you would supply me with the name and address of the publisher so that I might order the book directly.

MRS. KIRK W. SMITH
Acton, Mass.

Color Me Brown, a coloring book of Negro history, is published by Johnson Publishing Company. Copies are $1 each plus 15¢ for postage and handling. Orders should be sent to Johnson Publishing Company Book Division, 1820 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60616.
—Your Editors

WHERE ARE PICTURES AVAILABLE?

I am writing in response to Woodie White's fourth suggestion of ways a family might begin to combat racism. If I am to try to do as Mr. White suggests, I would like to have pictures of George Washington Carver, Booker T. Washington, and Martin Luther King, Jr. We have read of these men and consider them counterparts of our way of life—poor but struggling.

Our three older children recall and love the colored people we left back home in Ohio, but our three youngest have not had the same opportunity here in New Jersey where fear between the races seems more evident than love.

I have relied heavily on a statement made by Booker T. Washington to prove to the children the great expectation of another human who helped others. I do not have the exact quote but it goes something like this: "I am determined not to let any men so belittle our souls as to make us hate them."

I have looked at copies of *Ebony* without finding pictures of these particular men. Where could I get these pictures?

MRS. ROBERT HEATON
Phillipsburg, N.J.

Send your letters to
TOGETHER
1661 N. Northwest Highway
Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

'SUCH HARANGUES NOT NEEDED IN OUR CHURCH'

I have yet to hear any man, Ku Kluxer or otherwise, more racist than Woodie White. Why do you and our bishops allow him to continue to spawn his racist attitudes and invectives? It is fellows like him who will keep us from becoming effective in our mergers of annual conferences. And this is partly the reason money is coming in so slowly in so many churches.

We do not need that kind of harangues in our church. There is a large number of black men who are helping to make this thing work. Why allow men like him to damage what they are doing?

When I go to hear a speaker, I don't want to be reminded that he is black or white. I can forget that easily if he has something to say. But an attitude such as Mr. White has manifested every time I have heard him or seen his writings—it makes me shudder to think that here is a man with great ability using it to create suspicion and doubt on what we are trying to do.

GUEARY REED, *Pastor*
Homestead United Methodist Church
Crossville, Tenn.

MAY ISSUE, BEST YET, WON'T BE PASSED ALONG

The May issue was especially meaningful to me. We just adopted a racially mixed boy so *White Racism and Your Family* was a most timely article for us. There are no Negroes in our town so we will have to try even harder to help him understand his black heritage and be proud of it.

They Talk With Their Hands [page 42] dealt with a familiar subject. My brother is deaf and so is his wife. Their doorbell is a light that flashes on and off. He has a special device on his telephone that he can use to ask someone a a question and they can answer "Yes" (two signals), "No" (one signal), or "I don't understand; please repeat" (three signals).

When their children were small, they had a special device that was sensitive to sound, and when the baby cried, a light would flash in their bedroom and the kitchen. My brother pastored small deaf churches for a while and now is teaching deaf students in college.

And I do enjoy *Letters From Elsewhere* by Herman B. Teeter. Just thinking about these delightful articles helps chase the blues.

I like to pass my *Together* copies on to others, but this one I'm going to keep. Thank you for a fine magazine. The May issue is the best yet.

MRS. EARLIENE CHRISTENSEN
Lincoln, Calif.

'ELSEWHERE' SPACE WASTED

How much longer will space in *Together* be wasted with such trivia as *Letters From Elsewhere* by Herman B. Teeter? The intelligence of the average reader is being questioned when writing such as this is given space in a church magazine. It is neither humorous nor informing.

MURIEL YOUNG
Faribault, Minn.

MAYBE JESUS IS TALKING TO AND THROUGH CHURCH AGAIN

I stopped writing letters to magazines long ago. But the wide-ranging excellence of your May issue contrasted so sharply with the narrow comments of many whose letters you published in that issue I am forced to respond.

One contributor attacked a little grouping of 25 million Protestants in a world of swelling billions. One criticized objective analyses of X-rated films, while another objected to an adult overview of adult books—in an age when uninterpreted mass media bombard us with the dimensions of Noah's flood. New worship forms are attacked in a day when one successful pop record reaches more ears in a month than the commonest hymn ever reached before in a lifetime.

Set over against this is your outstanding journalistic product with

its "now" orientation, its stirring and magnificently colorful descriptions of this world, and of how Christ is trying to make it his. In the ghettos. In the countryside. Overseas. And in the hearts of Middle America. With zest; with humor; with class.

I have been out of the ministry and in urban work for just one year. The stifling irrelevance of so much that goes for "Christian witness," seen so often in the lines of your critical contributors, reminds me of how glad I am for my new orientation outside the parish structure. But 70-page evangelical tracts like *Together*, May, 1970, had better not keep coming, for they threaten to persuade me that maybe Jesus is! really! talking to his church and *through* his church again.

JOHN A. RICHARDSON
San Leandro, Calif.

'GOVERNMENT NOT DESIGNED TO DO CHRIST'S WORK'

The May article *How Your Money Is Closing People Gaps*, on the Fund for Reconciliation, has pictorial punch and is strictly first class.

I am mighty proud of the leadership our church has shown with this fund. This is the only way our country is ever going to lick the many social and economic ills that beset us—and the longer we try to hide behind government programs to do these jobs the sicker we'll get. We simply cannot force the government, through evading our own responsibilities, into doing a job that needs doing, then cry "poor mouth" when the government does a lousy job. The government was not designed to do Christ's work, so let us not try to fit the square peg into a round hole.

ROBERT L. MATEER
Natick, Mass.

MURDER OF UNBORN BABES CERTAINLY A CRIMINAL MATTER

Your article *Abortion: Moral Debate Takes a Legal Turn* [May, page 21] states that the Board of Christian Social Concerns had recommended to the General Conference that this matter of murdering unborn babes be considered only a medical matter.

Christians must contribute strength and leadership for right moral standards. We understand about reproductive organs being intended for reproduction, not for playthings. It is most depressing to find our church group stooping to the gutter to regard these organs as less than a sacred trust. Just because sexual desire may have been increased by the excesses of the past several generations is the reason for condemning, not encouraging, that which has been the curse of humanity since the beginning.

First dissipation, then abortion. The murder of unborn babes certainly is a criminal matter, and our people should insist that our General Conference be realistic about this grave danger. Any effort by the Board of Christian Social Concerns to remove this from the jurisdiction of the law should be defeated and the need for abortion condemned. The suggestion raises the question whether our church leadership has gone worldly.

ERIC JOHANSEN
Seattle, Wash.

As reported on page 15 of this issue, the position adopted by the General Conference at its recent meeting in St. Louis, Mo., is one which asks the states to remove abortion from their criminal codes and regulate it as a medical practice.

—Your Editors

DO SOMETHING FOR THOSE WHO WANT AN EDUCATION

I read with interest the May interview with the Neil Glocks and Jim Reeder. [See *A Middle-American Family Talks About the Church*, May, page 10.]

Neil and Ann Glock seem to me to be very solid parents, and I am sure that Jim and Becky are fine young people.

Let me first say I don't think anybody, black or white, should be mistreated. Jim makes the statement that the reason the Black Panthers have turned to violence and communism is "because democracy isn't giving them what they need and what is owed to them."

I think Jim is wrong. I don't think he knows what communism is and I don't think the Black Panthers really want communism because under communism they couldn't do the things they are doing now.

Becky says democracy is wonderful but could be better. I agree, but it could be a lot worse, too. According to reports, only 5 percent of our young people are involved in the violence that is going on. It is high time that we do something for the 95 percent that want an education.

M. F. SMITH
Poteau, Okla.

NO LILY OF THE VALLEY OR ROSE OF SHARON EITHER

In your April *Letters* section Mrs. Sterling Wenzel wrote, "When you read about Jesus leading a dance please tell me." Perhaps she should be reminded that Jesus observed the worship practices of his Jewish religion which, we read in the Old Testament, included dancing.

But this is beside the point! Jesus was no more a real "Lord of the Dance" than he was a real botanical "Rose of Sharon" or "Lily of the Valley." These are symbolic names we use, trying to see Jesus more clearly. To be the "Lord of the Dance" means he is the one who brings to us exuberant joy because he is ". . . the life that'll never, never die" and promises, "I'll live in you if you'll live in me . . ."

MRS. JACK M. TUELL
Vancouver, Wash.

'. . . AND A TIME TO DANCE'

This is in reply to Mrs. Sterling Wenzel's letter about Jesus leading in a dance. Actually, the fact that Jesus and dancing are not mentioned together in the Bible is irrelevant. The Bible doesn't have Jesus driving an automobile, but does that affect the sanctity of cars?

Look at Jeremiah 31:10-14 as he praises rejoicing in the dance, or read the familiar third chapter of Ecclesiastes, particularly verse four: ". . . a time to wail and a time to dance."

Perhaps the whole problem can be summed up at Titus 1:15: ". . . to the pure, all things are pure . . ." and at Romans 14:14 with which all Christians should be familiar.

ERIC J. KONGS
San Pedro, Calif.

YOUTH WANT TO WORSHIP IN THEIR OWN SPECIAL WAY

I would like to respond to two letters in the May issue and to thank *Together* for the February article *'The Man Who Cared,'* which they criticized.

Our youth group, the Children of the Cross, does similar worship services, and we find them a fulfilling experience. We travel and sing and present services in many different towns and churches. These services have given us a new realization of Christ and the church. The group has grown in less than one year from 12 to more than 70 members, and the reason is the

new awareness we have found through our services and our coffeehouse churches.

Psalm 100 says, "Make a joyful noise to the Lord . . ." In our services we are making a joyful noise, and we feel that while we go to church on Sunday morning and worship in the traditional way, we also want to worship in our own special way. Worship comes in as many generations as do people.

One of the May letter writers quotes "To everything there is a season . . ." and for us it is the season to revolutionize our thoughts and, yes, introduce new rites for the old, not necessarily to replace but to enhance our worship to a loving and understanding God.

I hope you can print this letter to help explain the thoughts and actions of today's youth. Believe us, adults, we're trying hard!

ELIZABETH BEMENDERFER
Rochester, Ind.

'OPEN LETTER . . .' BROUGHT FRESH INSIGHT AND CHALLENGE

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! You did it. You said something that was needed. You brought a fresh insight and a challenge. Thank you for the excellent *An Open Letter to the Churches About to Receive Newly Ordained Ministers* by Wayne K. Clymer in the May issue [page 56].

I wish you would do more things like this. To focus on live issues where the battle takes place—this calls for courage. Keep it up. Who knows, we may yet learn where the real battle lies.

RICHARD L. COOKSON, *Pastor*
First United Methodist Church
Corning, N.Y.

'SAINTS' DON'T UNDERSTAND TRANSCENDENCE OF GOD

Thank you so much for the May issue. I especially appreciate the articles which help us to face up to the issues and difficulties looming before us for the next decade.

May I comment on your *All One Body We?* [page 22]. What you seem to be saying—and I am so glad you have said it—is that the "communion of saints" does not now understand and never has understood the transcendence of God. There might now be a remote possibility that some of us are striving for a better understanding. I hope so!

Thanks also for the report on the Fund for Reconciliation and the *Open Letter* by Dr. Clymer.

Dr. Clymer needs to include himself along with those of us who struggle to make the church of Jesus Christ more meaningful. Even though he calls himself "a fellow sufferer in the house of the Lord," I wonder if he isn't rather quick to pick at "specks" when he needs to do a little "log" pulling.

Far too many theological educators tend to set themselves up in some sort of special fellowship. Many of us yearn for fellowship with the seminary teachers but are told there is no time or that we have little in common or "I don't teach in the church school; it's Sunday's most wasted hour."

It is because of all of us in every walk of the church's life that we need to reexamine the meaning of "all one body we."

ROBERT W. MORGAN, *Pastor*
Mount Zion United Methodist Church
Garner, N.C.

MAY 'VIEWPOINT': HEARTENING, HOPE-INSPIRING MESSAGE

The last three paragraphs of your May Viewpoint, *All One Body We?* contain one of the most heartening, hope-inspiring messages it has been my joy to see in any Protestant periodical in recent years.

To find you so heartily agreeing with your quotations from Robert McAfee Brown and John C. Bennett —with your added insistence on loving obedience to the commands of Him who came not to destroy but to fulfill the law—brought joy to this 90-year-old heart.

Neither John Wesley nor any of his lay preachers or early followers ever failed to preach and practice a truly "full gospel." This meant a personal new birth by repentance of sin, childlike faith in Jesus Christ as one's Savior and Lord, and self-forgetting service of love to all men without respect to race, color, creed, or social status. This was witnessed in their ministry to the poor, oppressed outcasts in the streets, slums, and factories of England and America.

It was for their interference with the status quo that they, like our Lord, were persecuted, stoned, and beaten. It was by reason of their inner certainty of the presence of the living, risen Lord that they dared face the mobs that threatened to kill them and dared defy the church hierarchs who excommunicated them.

Give us more articles like this.

CHARLES C. CAIN, *Ret. Minister*
Dunedin, Fla.

The Inner Man by Paul R. Behrens

How come when I didn't want to go last winter, you said going to church was very important?

Letters From Elsewhere *by Herman B. Teeter*

'I Stood and Said When I shud have Set and Kept my Mouth Shut...'

Deer Editur:

I wisht you wood run a peace in your the TOGETHER magazine about our big all day picnick and basebawl game Thurs. last in old man Silas Peelers pasture. The particulars has many aspexts and pitfalls worthie of note which I will shair for the lasting benifit of all.

The way it started was we had a joint meeting to buy robes for the choir and a vestament for Bro. Viktor to preach in and it was estamated they wood cost $6.50 per family hed, all told.

When that come up I stood and said when I shud have set and kept my mouth shut that a big picknick wood be a good way to raise the money, and everbody said yes.

"Well," Bro. Viktor said, "I am shure our loyal fellow member Mr. Silas Peeler who is present wood be more than glad to donate his fine pasture and picnick area for a good old fashuned church picnick."

"Yes," said old man Peeler, "since it is for the good of the church I will provide the grounds as my $6.50 contribution and everybody also can fish in my stocked pond all day free of charge if they want to, and they wont have to pay nothing Xcept for what they catch in catfish, brim, bass, and goggleeye, for which it is customary for me to charge $1.00 per lb., as it cost me considerable to dig, stock, and maintain this deliteful rekreation sight for our little community."

Bro. Viktor then said: "Doubtless also the ladies wood be Xcited at the oportunity of showing off their kulinery skill by cooking up a batch of their spechiul delikicies for our dining pleasure. Would you not, Mrs. Susie Bates, president of our womans society, sugest that same could be served for the modest fee of, say, $2 per hed in advance?"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Bates.

"I look forward to this event with anticipashun beyond beleif, and know from Xperience that they is delikicies to be had unobtainable anywheres else than right hear amongst our own women folks," Bro. Viktor went on. "I have bin priviliged to shair the gustatory delites of Ida Potters baked beans, Lydia Miners tater pie, and Abby Clutters big bananer layer cake."

Well, my Abby pinked up with pleasure to here somebody brag on her cakes in public which they really shud and her hed nodded up and down and her eyes begun to gleam in anticipashiun like the other ladies round her.

Then Big Jim "Cry Baby" Wohl rose up and said it would be a good time to renew the old basebawl rivalry we United Methodists onct had with the Freewillers over in West Elsewhere, said rivalry having bin halted by violence and a lot of disputed plays about 5 years ago.

"And I wood be glad to pitch the hole game for you," Big Jim said.

Now I dont know wheather you up their ever herd of Big Jim whom onct pitched for the Am. Leg. and even got tried out by the Springfield Giants but was throwed out of his 1st game for what has been known ever since as the Wohl "tear bawl" which is something like a spit bawl or a grease bawl and very illegal.

"Hooray!" Xclaimed Jr. Hoffman claping his hands. "I will git me a new 1st baseman mitt, and it will be good to here the sound of the ole horsehide therein when I get them Freewills out on line drives."

Well, last Thurs. dawned brite and clear and I was all wore out from trotting back and 4th from the store. Abby was up half the nite before baking two cakes and asking me "will this be enuff, and dont you think I ought to take some jars of beets, green beans, and some of your favorite wild plum jelley, Hegbert, so they will be enuf for everybody?"

"Well," I deklared, "I already spent $7.50 at the supermarket over in the county seat which dont even include the gas I burned and I guess the world wont come to a end if you give away my last jar of wild plumb jelley, Abby. I am too tarred and wore out to argey about it."

Abby thot a while and then said: "Well, I guess I had better fry up a few pounds of that 2 year old salt cured and hickery smoked ham also, and throw in a couple sacks of our sausage from the smoke house. By the way, Hegbert, have you dug the worms yet for little Willie to fish with?"

"Yes, the worms is dug," I replied in a tearse voice.

On the big day we had hardly got the tables set up and watermelons cut when the Freewillers drove up two hrs. early in their trucks and cars and come out hollering "let's play bawl, let's play bawl!"

We ast: "Have you all et yet?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," retorted their Capt. John Hall with a big laff. "But we have et lite like we always do before we skunk you Methodist in a bawl game. However, we will go thru the motions of shairing your repaist since it would not be ekumenical of us to do otherwise. Maybe a small slice of Abby Clutters big bananer cake and a few other things of a sweet nature to maintain our bound-

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less energie on the field of play."

Well, I never seen a bawl team or nobody else move down a table like them Freewillers, altho I must say we was right behind them. In 5 minits they wasnt nothing left of Abbys 2 cakes and she said "I told you Hegbert I shud have baked 3 cakes."

Maybe she shud of, like we shud of won the bawl game if it wasnt for John Hall nocking the hide off a bad pitch by Big Jim and it was a home run with 2 on and nobody out in the top of the 6th.

Big Jim stood their on the mound with big tears rolling down his 2 cheeks and then he began wiping his eyes and you never seen no Walter Johnson or Sandy Koflax get through a inning any better what with all the sliders, curves, wobblers, and screw bawls. Big Jim was fanning them down 1 after the other until suddenly the Freewillers manager come running out on the field hollering "tear bawl, tear bawl! Big Jim has throwed us out with his ill-famed tear bawl!"

A near katastrophe was averted when both teams poured out on the field, like you read about in the sport section. But nobody done nothing but stand around argeying until the game was called off when Bro. Viktor moved in and said the benediction. Then the empire said:

"I hereby deklare this a compleat bawl game on account of both sides about to insite a riot, and the Freewillers is winners 3-0."

It woodnt have been so bad if I hadnt figgered out yesterday it cost me $17.50, not to mention gas, to raise my shair of the $6.50 for the choir robes and vestament, what with $7.50 for the groceries, $6.00 worth of tickets for Abby, little Willie and me, and $4.00 worth of bass that little Willie hooked in old man Peeler's fish pond. Also there was my last jar of wild plum jelley which as far as I am conserned was priseless.

H. Clutter
Picknick Chm.

TV & Films

THE YEAR is 1945. The war is nearly over. We are moving into a great new age. And what will make it possible? The name of our savior is television. Said one television manufacturer:

"Television will topple the walls of misunderstanding and intolerance—the Tower of Babel of our time. Television will project ideas and ideals across international boundaries and be the greatest frontier-jumper of our day, reaching into foreign homes and into meeting places with the ease of radio and with added advantage of speaking the universally understood language of pictures. This great new medium of television makes its chief appeal to the eye which discerns truth far more quickly than the ear."

To paraphrase Plato, "To see the truth is to do it." But in the words of Lewis Browne, "something went wrong." At any rate, we are more polarized, more alienated, and surrounded by more misunderstanding than anytime in the last century.

True, television has been a revolutionary medium in our culture. At times it has made important contributions to society. But it has not generally caused ideals and ideas to jump frontiers either within or between nations. Nor has it influenced people to solve the ills of the nation. Instead, after 25 years, we have the silent, and one might add, the immobile majority.

Now environmental pollution and overpopulation have arrived on the scene. ABC has assigned one man full time to cover the problem. It has run a number of specials. NBC, likewise, has Edwin Newman on the air discussing the problem every Sunday afternoon. Over at CBS, Walter Cronkite has given "popullution" top priority. It shows up on the evening news every week, and often every day.

Is this a fad? Will TV bludgeon the subject to death and then forsake it? Hugh Downs says no, that the *Today Show* intends to take it seriously from here on out.

What of the fickle TV public? We get tired of most series after a year or two. What's so special about this one? Walter Cronkite has been quoted as saying that "television is the best medium to lead a cohesive effort to fight the problem." But why would television succeed on this issue when it hasn't succeeded on others?

Dr. Gerhard Wiebe, dean of the school of communication at Boston University, has suggested an analysis which is particularly helpful. He defines issue-oriented communications on television as "directive messages" or teaching messages. He further states that "given the permissive situation of media audience members, such messages will in general be overlooked, avoided, evaded, rejected."

Much as I admire Walter Cronkite, Hugh Downs, and others for their attempts to alert and galvanize America, I am not optimistic about their success, unless. . .

Dr. Wiebe's research also indicates that when "directive messages" are "received in a disciplined context, for example, in an organized adult-education course or study," they will likely be heard and acted upon.

Television is not going to quit talking about the "popullution" problem. Whether its messages are acted upon or not may well depend on whether the church brings people together to receive and respond "in a disciplined context." And if this happens, we may for the first time begin to discover how to get ideas and ideals across frontiers.

—David O. Poindexter

TV HIGHLIGHTS THIS MONTH

June 20, 11:30 a.m.-12:30 p.m., EDT on NBC—American Rainbow Speciol: ***Kid's-eye View of Woshingtan.***

June 23, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Festivol: ***Why Sove Florence?*** (rerun).

June 28, 7-8 p.m., EDT on ABC —***The Stokes in Asio*** with Edward P. Morgan. Detoils the importance of Japan to peace in Asia and the world.

June 30, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Festival: ***Encore Poris*** with Charles Boyer (rerun).

July 2, 8:30-10:30 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Playhouse: ***The Seagull.*** Chekhov's famous dromo (rerun).

July 6, 9-10 p.m., EDT on NET —NET Journal: ***The Conservotive Mr. Buckley*** (rerun).

July 7, 9-11 p.m., EDT on NBC —***First Tuesday.***

July 7, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—***60 Minutes.***

July 8, ABC premiers two new series: 9-10 p.m. EDT—***Johnny Cosh Presents the Everly Brothers.*** 10-11 p.m., EDT—***The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour.***

July 9, 8:30-10:30 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Playhouse: ***Rosmersholm.*** The last of Ibsen's dramas based on social themes. Concerns a former clergyman (rerun).

July 13, 9-10 p.m. EDT on NET —NET Journal: ***The World of Piri Thomas.*** If you want to see what life is like in Spanish Horlem.

July 14, 10-11 p.m., EDT on CBS—***The Bottle of East St. Louis.***

July 16, 8:30-10:30 p.m., EDT on NET—NET Playhouse: ***The Fother.*** Strindberg's droma of o struggle between souls.

CURRENT FILMS OF INTEREST

A Mon Colled Horse *(GP)*—A fiction film that hos the authenticity of a documentary, ***Horse*** is set in the early 1800s before the white man invaded Sioux territory. Richard Harris, as on English hunter, is captured by the Sioux and in the course of the film undergoes initiation into the tribe. The rites are brutal, too much so for younger children, but the film possesses a respect for Indian culture and history.

Dorling Lili *(G)*—Entertainment is the key word for this picture, with Julie Andrews in the role of a Germon spy trying to undermine the war efforts of hero-pilot Rock Hudson during World War I. Director Blake Edwards makes sure nothing is taken too seriously, and the air battles (with the Red Boron himself) are as much fun os o roller coaster. Bumbling French detectives, frantic chases, ond o happy ending contribute to a pleosantly diverting picture.

Patton *(GP)*—George C. Scott gives the best performonce of his distinguished career as the controversial General George S. Patton, Jr. By placing the film thoroughly in the context of a patriotic era in American history, Director Franklin J. Schoffner captures the strange ambivolence of the kind of leader this country demands in war and rejects in peace. The language is too strong for younger viewers, but youth ond adults will find ***Potton*** a compelling portrait of a patriot os well as a rebel.

Loving *(R)*—Until the final 20 minutes, this is a perceptive view of a suburban marriage going dead at the center. Artist illustrator George Segal is coming opart, and wife Eva Marie Saint struggles to keep the family together with housewifely brightness. Unfortunately, the film becomes excessive in depicting the husband's infidelity, unsuccessfully alternating between humor and vulgarity. □

Our Twenty-six Babies

"Wouldn't it be fun to have a baby around for a little while?" What started out as a chance remark has become a way of life for us. When from time to time we are without a small guest for a few weeks, the house seems empty.

By HARRIET STACEY

WE RECENTLY welcomed Jay, our 26th baby in less than eight years. All have been newborn and ours to love—but not to keep for these are foster babies who have come into the world unwelcome and unwanted by their natural parents.

At first it broke my heart, thinking of these little unwanted ones, but my husband assured me that they are all wanted. I know now that he was right. These infants have brought joy to the hearts of their adoptive parents. In a short while, a home surely will be found for Jay, too, and we will say good-bye to him as we have to all the others.

Our babies come to us through the Children's Division of the Washington State Department of Public Assistance, and all are wards of the state. We receive a small monthly allowance which covers their basic expenses, and their medical care is provided by the state. Their placement in our home, and later in adoptive homes, is in the hands of trained social workers who keep in mind at all times the welfare of each child.

The first little fellow we had as our guest was Randy. We were not sure of his acceptance by our three-year-old Bobby, who had come to expect all the attention at our house. (Our three older children had been overjoyed when Bobby arrived, and we all had humored him.) When we explained, however, that Randy had no family of his own to love him, Bobby generously offered the use of ours. The first time the baby cried, we heard Bobby say soothingly, "Don't cry, Randy. We love you."

Adequate food, clean clothing, and love are the requirements of the newborn. Of these, the most essential is love. Becky came to us when she was five days old, restless, irritable, a nearly frantic little one. She was garbed in a hospital gown with the sleeves sewn to envelop her hands. Attempting to find her thumb to suck, she had scratched her face with the coarse fabric until it was sore and bleeding. After a warm bath, an application of baby cream on her face, and a feeding during which she was held and cuddled, she began to relax. She was rocked and comforted for a good part of the following 24 hours. The change in her disposition was unbelievable. We could but wonder what the outcome might have been, had she been deprived of natural affection for five years instead of five days.

We discovered, by chance, the pleasures and perils of coping with two babies at the same time. Connie's permanent home had been found, and she was to leave our house on a Friday. The preceding Monday the caseworker called about a new child, Paula. The situation sounded pathetic. A baby girl, whose birth should have been reason for rejoicing, was being released from the hospital the following day, with no one to welcome her. Could we possibly manage two babies until Friday? "Of course, we'll take her," we said.

From Paula's arrival on Tuesday, until Connie's departure on Friday, diapers were in short supply, the washer worked overtime, and bottles were sterilized at all hours of the day and night. We brought in the car bed and set it up beside the bassinet. Frequently both babies were fed at the same time. My husband and our teen-agers seemed to enjoy this "twin" chaos and were unusually helpful.

The two to four months a baby spends with us is a period of observation, a very important part of the agency plan of adoption. Not all handicaps can be detected at birth. Many couples, adopting through private sources without this precautionary interval, learn that their babies have been born with serious defects. Brain damage, blindness, and cerebral palsy are some of the unfortunate possibilities.

By the time the problem is discovered, the baby has become so much a part of the family that giving him up is unthinkable. The family is then faced with continuing medical expenses and, often, a lifetime of heartache.

Agency workers feel that adoptive parents should have the right to decide whether or not to assume such responsibility. Therefore, watchful attention on our part and thorough preplacement physical examinations by the pediatrician are required.

Several impairments have been discovered in the babies in our care.

A few responded to prescribed passive exercises, but others could not be remedied. In each case, however, parents were found who loved the baby.

The infants we have taken have truly been a family project. My husband takes his turn at baby care, frequently giving a bottle after his return from work. Our older children, two of them boys, all learned the fundamentals of baby care, and while at home were in demand as experienced sitters.

Even Bobby, the youngest, learned to warm a baby's bottle. Once he asked why the little ones slept so much, and we told him that they do their growing while they are asleep. Later, when sent to observe whether the baby had awakened, he reported that she was "still lying there growing." He is able to love them yet let them go—something many adults feel they can't do.

Several babies have accompanied us on summer camping trips, and have proven to be fine little campers, sleeping in the car bed, being bathed on the picnic table, and lounging in the sunshine in the infant seat. Bottles can be sterilized at camp, and diapers are available in disposable form. We do not subscribe to the theory that a family must remain at home because of a baby.

At Christmastime, the baby is included in the festivities. When the stockings are hung by the chimney, none is placed with greater care than the small red bootee for our current guest. We have a large family gathering on Christmas Day, and a new baby is always an attraction.

Social workers find it helpful to have pictures of the babies when they set out to match them with families who are waiting to adopt. When we have the photograph taken to send with the caseworker, we always have a duplicate made for ourselves. My husband hangs them in our hallway. There are 25 pictures in our gallery now, and Jay's will be added before he leaves us. A friend recently remarked that we will soon have "wall to wall" babies.

Each picture conjures up a special memory. We think of them all as tiny, of course. Yet by now, Randy is nearly eight years old, Connie, past seven. We wonder if her hair still stands on end. My husband says she is the only girl he ever knew who looked attractive with a crew cut. We smile over Debbie's one brown eye and one blue, and speculate whether Teddy is still so rotund. Is Judy happy living on the farm? Bobby wanted to go with her, for farm life appealed to him

People ask, "How can you remember them all?" This puzzles us, for we wonder how we could forget these little people, who have each been a part of our family. We wonder, too, what their new names are. The adoptive parents have probably bestowed upon them names of their own choosing, which is as it should be.

It had been our custom to keep a baby book for each of our own youngsters, so when Randy came to us, it seemed only natural to start one for him. In it, we recorded the delightful details of interest to new parents: his first smile, his weight each time he visited the pediatrician, at what age his eyes began to turn brown. We have kept such a record for each of the babies since. By the time a little one leaves us to go to his new home, we feel that the new parents have missed much of the fun, and hope that our booklet may help to acquaint them with their new baby. One fact we must keep in mind at all times is that he is their baby, not ours.

Our part is to give the babies a good start. We try to convey to them a feeling of security and contentment, and give them assurance that they do have a place in someone's heart. We feed them on demand, and never attempt a rigid schedule. We feel that a relaxed atmosphere is best for babies and, as yet, we have never seen a case of colic. When the babies are ready to leave us, they are usually on a reasonable routine and sleeping through the night.

When the caseworker calls to say that a home has been found for our current "star boarder," we are all curious. How many other children are there in the family? If he is to be an only child, will he be lonely? Will they play with him, as we have? I confess, we worry about each one. Our middle boy expressed the concern of all of us, saying when the first one left, "They'd better be good to him!"

The caseworker takes the baby to

the agency for his meeting with his prospective parents, and for this event, the babe is dressed as attractively as we can manage. Although he is unaware of the importance of the occasion, this is a momentous day in his life. We are all anxious that he make a good impression, and that the new parents love him on sight. He is brought back to us by the caseworker after this visit, and the couple has until the following morning to make their decision.

Much groundwork is laid, of course, by the social workers before the couple and the baby are brought together. Racial and religious backgrounds are considered; the mental abilities of the parents are compared with the predicted potential of the child; and pictures of the baby are shown to the parents. Every effort is made to unite parents and child precisely suited to each other.

Only once has one of our little friends been rejected by the carefully selected prospective parents. In the case of our Steve, the couple said that he was not the baby for them. The caseworker who took him for his visit reported that the feeling seemed to be mutual. Steve had cried each time the parents had picked him up, and it apparently had been a most unhappy afternoon for them all. We were amazed, of course, by their seeming indifference to Steve's charms and pampered him more than ever. Two months later another family was found for him, and this time all went well. He responded gleefully to their overtures, and they could hardly wait until the next morning when they could take him home.

Friends and neighbors have watched, with interest, the procession of babies through our home. The arrangement evidently seems strange to the four-year-old next door. She announced when her baby brother was born: "We are not going to give *our* baby away. We are going to *keep* him." She must see us as a heartless family, indeed.

We have been given many useful items—a car bed, a bassinet, and dozens of tiny garments, outgrown by infants in the neighborhood—and the pediatrician has contributed vitamins and sample cases of formula. It seems that all the world loves a baby.

One day, while Bobby and his father were waiting in the dentist's office, a mother came in carrying her baby boy. As often happens, the others in the waiting room admired her baby and made complimentary comments. Bobby whispered to his dad, "We should have brought ours. She's cuter." You see, we all feel that the present baby is the cutest.

What started out with a chance remark, "Wouldn't it be fun to have a baby around for a little while?" has become a way of life for us. When, from time to time, we are without a small guest for a few weeks, the house seems empty and we look forward to the coming of the next one.

It is difficult to define the special joy which comes to us each time one of the babies is adopted by a family eagerly waiting to love and care for him. We sincerely recommend the foster-parent plan for others; it has been a genuinely rewarding endeavor for our family.

Our own children have become aware of their good fortune in being born into a normal family, in which they were welcome and afforded the opportunity to grow up in an atmosphere of love and understanding. We feel certain that they will someday be better parents and citizens because this unique experience has enriched the lives of all of us. □

Will You Be a FOSTER PARENT?

FOSTER parents are needed throughout the United States for children of all ages from infancy through adolescence; for individual children and for some in family groups; for those who are healthy and those who have physical and emotional handicaps; for children from all ethnic backgrounds.

They are needed for children awaiting adoptive placement (as descibed in the accompanying article), for children in need of temporary emergency care, and for those requiring care for long periods of time. (The length of care given can range from a few days to several years, depending on the types of programs involved, and the individual needs of the child.)

Information on how you can become a foster parent is available from your local community welfare council, public-welfare departments, or vocational child-welfare agencies, and from state welfare departments. □

Teens

By DALE WHITE

SHOULD EVERYONE go to college? Parents and young people often agonize over this question. New loan programs and junior colleges make it possible for most qualified young people to receive higher education if they want it. But many young people do not want it. Pressured into college by parents or selective service, they do poor work. Worse, they sometimes join militant groups who try to destroy the college. This letter describes the problem:

"My father is a professor at a good liberal arts college, and that is where the pressures begin. It has always been assumed by my parents, my teachers, everyone that I'll go to college, a liberal arts college. But I don't want to go to college! The trouble is that doesn't make any difference. I've never been asked if I want to go to college. It was already decided before I was born.

"And it is not that my parents need someone to succeed. My older brother is a junior at an engineering college and making the dean's list. Oh, I love my parents and they're really great parents, if they just wouldn't pressure me so much on this college bit.

"As of yet, I haven't gotten up enough nerve to say anything about not wanting to go to college. If I hint at it, my mom gets all shook and I hate to hurt them. But, I have my own life to live. I would like to work a year or so and then get married.

"I'm very much in love with a boy who's the same age as I am. I suppose I'm too young to be in love or know what I want, but I am in love and I do know what I want! And that's to get married and work and help put my husband through college. But the only way I can see of getting to do that is by getting pregnant, and I refuse to do that. I am a virgin and one of my goals is to be one when I get married.

"If I just wasn't so darned intelligent, maybe the pressure wouldn't be so bad. But I am, and it is a gift of God, and I'll use it. But I don't see why I have to go to college to use it!

"Maybe I'm old fashioned, but I want my life to center on my family, I want to be a good wife and mother, and be a good citizen.

"I know what I want, but not how to get it. I don't want to hurt my parents, but I can't see wasting their money, my time, and taking away an opportunity for someone who really wants to go to college. What can I do?"

Many parents encourage their daughters to go to college as a substitute for early marriage. Marriage is "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part." A lifetime is a rather long time, and a lifetime commitment a most serious step. Should it surprise us that parents want their sons and daughters to wait until they have seen a bit of the great, big world before locking themselves into a certain destiny?

College has a way of broadening our spiritual horizons. We see new possibilities which could not even occur to us before. We meet exciting people with new ideas. Looking back to high-school days we can see that we really lived in a small world then. It was as big as we needed at the time, but people do grow.

The values of a liberal arts education to a boy are obvious.

The capacity to understand and to appreciate many life experiences may be enlarged. Exposure to new forms of music and the arts enriches one's inner experience. Discussing great ideas in literature and philosophy puts us in touch with the highest reaches of human thought. A better grounding in the sciences increases our awareness of the world around us.

Effective citizenship is the lifeblood of a democracy. An informed and alert citizenry may in these dangerous times spell the difference between life and death for our civilization. We desperately need all the wisdom we can gain from the study of history, political science, and social psychology.

Growing numbers of young people are impatient with our dollar worship. Some say, "If the only reason you go to college is to make more money, you can keep it!" The new generation looks for a lifework which is rewarding in itself because it is challenging and interesting, and offers some needed

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz. © 1964 by Werner Press, Inc.

"Oh, yeah? Well, I'll bet my Bible has more passages underlined than your Bible!"

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human service. But so many of these vocations, some of them poorly paid, open up only for those with college training. The broadening of vocational choice is one of the big advantages of higher education.

As Christians, we believe we are stewards of the gifts the creator God gave us. We are answerable to him for our use of those gifts. So we feel called to develop and to invest such native abilities as we possess. Skills in human relationships, understanding of psychology, or insights from the social sciences can help us to be more sensitive and helpful persons.

None of this means that everyone should go to college. Many responsible and interesting vocations require short-range training in technical institutes or on the job. We can do a lot in self-education through personal reading, adult-education programs, and taking advantage of cultural opportunities within the community. Nor is it necessary to go from high school directly into four straight years of college. All kinds of work, study, travel, and night-school combinations can be worked out.

I encourage parents and young people to discuss all the possible options, and to remain flexible and open to changes in plans. Certainly, the wishes of the young person himself should be heard. Coercing a young adult into a college or a career which he hates is self-defeating.

Q&A

I am a 15-year-old girl and so depressed that I cry myself to sleep almost every night.

I ask myself over and over why things happen the way they do, and why I do the things I do. I always feel as if I'm living in a dream, and several times I feel sure that I have done something before. Not regular things like housework, but problems I encounter.

This feeling and wondering why makes me depressed since I can find no answer. How can I get some answers?

Please don't refer me to my parents or pastor because neither has the time to talk with me.—D.P.

Message to parents, pastor, teachers, neighbors: *Please* take time to talk with kids!

Message to kids: *Don't* assume adults won't take time. *Ask* them for time!

Q&A

I'm so confused now and I feel so awful. I used to think that this was natural, that everyone went through this. It is not natural any more. I know everyone feels depressed at times, especially in their teen years, but my depression has gotten so extreme that there is nothing I can do, and it is getting to be progressively worse.

Maybe first I should tell you about myself. I'm 16, cute enough, but about eight pounds overweight. (You can't tell it, though.) I have an above-average I.Q. and most of my teachers agree that I'm college material. I come from one of the nicest subdivisions in our city, and go to a fine, small school system. My family, although not genuinely closely knitted, attends church every Sunday.

My father's work makes it imperative for him to travel, and for us to move frequently.

My problem is that I'm not loved. It is getting worse every day. My parents don't love me. Moving so much makes friends hard to find. I've never had a boyfriend, not even a date. I feel worse about it all the time.

Three years ago, I tried to kill myself by taking a bottle of aspirin, but it didn't work. I feel like doing it again, but what's the use, anyway? In fact, that's the reason that I'm writing now—I want to kill myself, but yet I don't.

So here I am and that's how it stands. I have no friends, nothing to do, and I sit at home every hour of every blessed day.

Please don't tell me to find new friends because I can't. Groups are formed before I move in, and getting into one is impossible. What can I do?—M.B.

I think we should always see depression this severe as a medical problem. I would strongly suggest that you go with your mother

to your family physician. Let him know that you have been thinking about suicide. He has special medications which can often help to lift your spirits a bit. He may wish to refer you to a psychiatrist or psychological counselor.

Young people in your kind of family often have it hard growing up. Your father's long absences keep you from creating a full, well-rounded family life. Moving a lot, as you say, tears all your friendships up at the roots. The armor you build up inside to protect against grief can make you seem strange or distant to others, and keep you from really feeling the warmth they may offer. So you move deeper and deeper into a lonely little corner.

You *can* break this cycle. Professional counseling can be most helpful. Finding just *one* close friend can melt your defenses. Forcing yourself to be with kids in small, informal groups such as UMYF or school clubs can help you to develop social skills.

I am a boy, 12 years old. I have a girl friend I love very much. There is another boy who likes her, too. He's always trying to break us up. I am glad to say he hasn't done it yet. He's always showing off and doing everything for her so she will like him. He is always fighting everybody as long as they are smaller than him. (That is usually me.) He is gradually messing everything up for me. What should I do about him?—R.R.

Well, since you are smaller than he is, fighting won't work. It wouldn't work if you were bigger, either. Fellows do not win the affection of girls through brute muscle power. They win it by being sensitive and caring human beings. It sounds as though you are way ahead in that department. I think you will outlast him.

I was a freshman in college last year. For several years I have been interested in governmental activities. There is a trend today that worries me very much. The government is taking over what I feel are the church's responsibilities. The worst part about it is that the churches of America seem glad to shirk these responsibilities.

Two major areas concern me the most: Civil rights and morals.

Today we face a great race problem. I do not believe this is a job strictly for the government. Yes, the liberties and rights of people must be assured them by the government, but the churches of America must act to help remedy this situation. Not only must they get the whites to accept the Negroes they must also get the Negroes to stop the tactics they are using now.

Today many states have laws concerning different moral questions, such as gambling, drinking, and others. I feel that these laws are out of order. Morals should be left to the churches. If they were doing their job, these laws would not be needed.

The fault lies with the government and the churches. The government is wrong for taking over these responsibilities, and the church is wrong for not taking care of them in the first place.

I hope to get into government someday and work on this problem and others. I sincerely hope that other young people feel the same as I on this issue. It is a shame the churches have let this happen.—B.J.

Thank you for your thoughts on these issues. I certainly agree that government alone cannot solve the race crisis in America. It can help to secure constitutional rights and equal opportunity under the law, but changing racist attitudes and reconciling person with person must be done at the grass roots by people of goodwill. The churches can play a central role in this.

Perhaps others will write and let us know whether they agree with your analysis.

Tell Dr. Dole White about your problems, your worries, your accomplishments, and he will respond through *Teens*. Write to him in care of TOGETHER, P.O. Box 423, Pork Ridge, Ill. 60068. —*Your Editors*

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Don't Teach Them Prayers; Teach Them to Pray

By Sarah M. Danner

AN ARTIST can paint no more appealing picture than that of a child at prayer at his mother's knee. But when we teach our children *prayers* instead of teaching them to *pray*, we may be setting up a stumbling block to Christian development.

How, you ask, can the familiar "Now I lay me down to sleep . . ." be a barrier to all that we seek spiritually for our children?

The mature Christian realizes his need to live in a state of continuous prayer, with all channels open. But all too often we are bound by formal, stylized ideas of prayer, held back by ritual and memorized phrases.

Malcolm Boyd's book *Are You Running With Me, Jesus?* created a furor in some religious groups. To our tradition-conditioned ears, his colloquial prayers sound almost blasphemous. While many of us speak in a vernacular quite different from that he has used in these prayers, they are natural and sincere. As we seek a true communication with a living God, does it make sense to approach him as if he were the Wizard of Oz, behind a curtain of smoke and fire?

God alone knows me as I really am, and—wonder of wonders—he loves me still. Why then must I have a prepared message in order to speak to him?

A young mother, in describing her prayer experience, said, "I need memorized prayers to get me started, to feel I am in touch with God." She would never consider the need for memorized lines to communicate with her husband. Just as surely as she could speak from her heart and exchange ideas with him, she can speak to God, perhaps even more openly.

We rob our children when we teach them to pray by rote. Any child old enough to rattle off "God is great, God is good, let us thank him for our food" can express his feelings with "Thank you, God, for this happy day," or "We're glad to have these hamburgers."

Saying table grace and bedtime prayers can be a real learning experience in a budding Christian life.

Thankfulness is the most logical place for toddlers to begin; we teach them a mannerly "Thank you" at a very early age. To them, it is reasonable to express thanks to God, especially in a God-centered home where they observe parents and other children at prayer.

How much more gratifying it is to hear a sincere expression of thanks for a gift or service, rather than a stereotyped, "Thank you very much." At our home, we often have friends of our children as guests for meals; most of them have been amply instructed in etiquette. There is a remarkable effect on the "chief cook and bottle washer" when, with obvious gusto, somebody exclaims, "This is the best peach cobbler I ever ate."

Similarly, why should we feel God is more pleased with a chanted string of pretty words than with truly heartfelt expressions, however ungrammatical?

There is a real and necessary place in Christian life and practice for ritual, for traditional prayers and blessings. The Lord's Prayer is invaluable as our guide and model; the time-honored creeds and confessions are essential to our worship and growth. No parent who takes seriously the vows made at his child's Baptism or his responsibility as a parent will fail to teach his child these words and their meanings.

But if we teach the child directly or by inference that these are the *only* ways to pray, we have missed a priceless opportunity. At an age when human response is truest and least inhibited, when personality is unfolding, we can direct our children toward God in a way that will help them know him intimately from the beginning.

In guiding our children to express themselves with God as with any real and beloved friend, we open for them the gates of heaven. For surely, a rich and full prayer experience is the nearest we come to heaven in this life. □

BOOKS

Visiting the beach is a morning ritual for 93-year-old Pablo Casals and his young wife Martita. The noted cellist's story is told in Joys and Sorrows.

THE GREAT cellist Pablo Casals has begun every day for the last 80 years by going to the piano and playing two Bach preludes and fugues.

"I cannot think of doing otherwise," he says in **Joys and Sorrows** (Simon and Schuster, $7.95). "It is a sort of benediction on the house. But that is not its only meaning for me. It is a rediscovery of the world of which I have the joy of being a part."

At 93, Casals still looks at the miracle of nature with fresh amazement. In the morning before he starts to work he walks along the beach near his home in Puerto Rico. Of his young wife, Martita, he says: "If I speak of her in words perhaps expected of young lovers, it is because that is how I feel about her." And he continues to play and to practice. "Work helps prevent one from getting old."

A staunch witness for freedom and human dignity since his boyhood in Catalonia Province of Spain, he embarked on a personal peace crusade in 1962 when he was approaching his 85th birthday. It took him to North and South America, England, France, Italy, Germany, Hungary, Israel, and a dozen other countries. After World War II, he decided he had to make his personal protest against appeasement of the Franco government and announced he would not play again in public until the democracies had changed their attitude toward the fascist regime. He held to this resolve, living in retirement in the little town of Prades, in French Catalonia, until other musicians said that if he would not come out to play with them, they would come to Prades for a Bach Festival marking the bicentenary of the composer's death.

Albert E. Kahn, with whom Casals has shared his reflections on nearly a hundred years of musical life, originally intended doing the usual type of biography of the cellist. But, says Kahn:

"The more I learned about Casals, the more dissatisfied I became with my original concept . . . His career spanned such a momentous panorama of history, and the drama of his life held such rich and human import, that I grew steadily more aware of the limitations of a book which concentrated on the present and failed to merge it fully with the past. There was, moreover, such color and cadence to Casals' own words, so natural a poetry in his personal reminiscences and reflections, that his voice seemed irrevocably wedded to the telling of his story."

Casals himself had consistently declined to write an autobiography, saying with characteristic simplicity and directness: "I have only done what I had to do."

Joys and Sorrows, then, is offered as a portrait in words and pictures (Kahn is an excellent photographer) of a master musician who has always known he was a man first. Reading it is pure joy.

Philosopher Alan Watts says that if he were betting on it, he would have to say that in all probability the human race will fail as a biological experiment and take the easy downhill road to death. But since there isn't anywhere to place this kind of bet, he is traveling the college lecture circuit in a determined effort to inspire young people to prove he is wrong.

If you ask somebody over 30 what they think of this English-born interpreter of Zen Buddhism, he may stare back blankly and say: "Who is he?" But to many students he is a 20th-century prophet, and they hold him in great awe.

I heard him lecture at United Methodist-related Kendall College earlier this year. He sat in an armchair in the middle of an otherwise empty stage, his head drooping forward slightly, his voice very weary, pronouncing each sentence as if it had to stand alone. A dangerous method of delivery for most speakers, but it held the young people in that packed auditorium. And it held me. For Alan Watts can say so much in a single, perfectly formed sentence that you are grateful for a little time to think about it before you go on.

This style carries over into the latest of his many books. **Does It Matter?** (Pantheon, $4.95) summarizes his thinking on man's problems in relation to his environment. In it he contends that civilized man is confusing symbol with reality, putting himself into the absurd situation of preferring money to wealth and thus "eating the menu instead of the dinner."

His absorption with Indian and Chinese philosophy underlies all his discussions, but he also has a

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seminary education, and in this book as in others he has written there are some very interesting bridges and contrasts between Asian and Judeo-Christian beliefs.

A chapter on psychedelics and religious experience does not point out the dangers of experimentation to the degree that Watts stressed them in his talks with the Kendall students. This may be because it was originally written for the *California Law Review* and was delivered later as a lecture to the Illinois State Medical Society. Both of these audiences should be more equipped to apply their own safeguards than lay readers, who may lack both Watts' expertise, and his maturity.

Jane Merchant's poems not only have great range in mood and intensity, they are also ringingly understandable.

Her newest collection, **Because It's Here** (Abingdon, $3.50), presents more than 100. They explore the earth around us, people, pets, and daily living, writers and writing, and various shadows of emotion and experience. The title stems from the thought that although man has traveled to the moon, it is the earth that remains the greatest source of wonder for most of us—because it's here.

This collection contains one of my favorite Merchant poems, one that first appeared in TOGETHER last January [page 39]. This is *Hopeful of Being*.

If you plan to do some serious exploring in the Rockies this summer, don't fail to take along Ruth Ashton Nelson's **Handbook of Rocky Mountain Plants** (Dale Stuart King, $6.95 cloth, $4.95 paper). It is a happy medium between college botanical texts and the oversimplified wildflower handbooks on the market.

In addition to descriptions of 975 different plants in words and drawings, it contains an interesting environmental biography of the Rocky Mountain region.

The Best Nature Writing of Joseph Wood Krutch (Morrow, $8.50) collects 34 essays about nature and conservation by one of the best writer-naturalists we have. This book is a gem, vigorous and pertinent.

Theologian Vernard Eller, who has a very respectable job as a professor of religion at LaVerne College, believes that the negativity of the Ten Commandments marks off small areas into which free men ought not to go —precisely so they can stay free to roam anywhere else.

Obviously this is old-fashioned morality. And Dr. Eller has discovered that *Mad* magazine (his kids keep dragging home copies of it) is dispensing large doses of the same thing to its kid readers under the cover of "garbage." Result: **The Mad Morality, or The Ten Commandments Revisited** (Abingdon, $2.79), an unlikely paperback that blends his plainspoken, theologically sound, and deeply committed consideration of the Commandments with Mad's brash approaches to exactly the same subject matter. Good fun for the brash kid in all of us, and solid food for the mind and spirit. It could be a religious best seller.

Public concern over abortion and its role in society has led to the preparation of a report on what contributions the thoughts and beliefs of the Society of Friends (Quakers) might make. **Who Shall Live?** (Hill & Wang, $3.95, cloth; $1.75, paper), by Julia and Harry Abrahamson, sums up the thinking of a working party appointed by the Family Planning Committee of the American Friends Service Committee.

A straightforward, intelligent report, leaving answers open-ended but pointing up alternatives and constructive approaches, it is equally good for individual reading or group study. Not the least of its virtues is a comprehensive bibliography.

Alice Armstrong Ward, who was the wife of A. Dudley Ward, general secretary of the United Methodist Board of Christian Social Concerns, died of cancer after years of illness. She lived joyously and confidently during those years and finally accepted death as part of the enfolding encounter with God.

I Remain Unvanquished (Abingdon, $5) is her personal record of her marriage, family, and years of illness. Mystical, probing, and moving, it shares the interest in prayer healing, extrasensory perception, and psychology that absorbed her for more than 20 years. During that time she initiated many prayer groups and was the guiding force of the prayer and healing ministry at Foundry United Methodist Church, Washington, D.C.

An epilogue by her husband adds a

final triumphant note to her story and explains the depth and reach of Foundry's prayer and healing group.

A few months ago United Methodist Bishop James Armstrong preached the ordination sermon for a young man who directs the urban ministries of the Disciples of Christ in greater Los Angeles. The church was near the scene of the bloody 1965 Watts riots, and most of the congregation was black. After the service a young man in a leather jacket came up to tell him his words had had "soul."

The Urgent Now *(Abingdon, $3.75)* is a book of Bishop Armstrong's sermons on contemporary issues. The title is a good description. They are impassioned, pointedly relevant, and completely free of fancy pulpit phrasings.

"When you get right down to it, one of the most important tasks of a manager is to eliminate his people's excuses for failure."

"You'll be more effective if you vary your attack on your problems and opportunities. You'll also have more fun, and be less of a bore."

"The only people who read policy manuals are goldbricks and martinets . . . If you have to have a policy manual, publish the Ten Commandments."

Blending sage advice with the outrageous, Robert Townsend wrote **Up the Organization** (Knopf, $5.95) as a manual for making corporations more human. It has zoomed up the best-seller lists for reasons that should be no mystery to anybody who has worked in an organization of more than one. Townsend, who was chairman of the board of Avis, followed his own advice ("Nobody should be chief executive officer of anything for more than five or six years.") and resigned from the job shortly before this book came out.

Among several current and less profound books on social violence there is a slim volume that stands tall. **On Violence** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.75), by Hannah Arendt, is concerned with reaching a philosophical understanding of force.

Dr. Arendt takes issue with those who feel that power has to be maintained by violent methods. On the contrary, she points out power and violence are not the same thing, they are opposites. "Where the one rules absolutely, the other is absent." Violence appears when power is threatened, but if it is allowed to take its own course, it ends in power's disappearance. And if violence destroys all power but does not abdicate, terror takes over.

She says the worldwide student rebellion does not stem from Marx and Engels, whom the young rebels actually don't understand at all. Instead, she attributes it to the writing of Frantz Fanon, but she observes drily that Fanon actually was much more doubtful of violence than his admirers are. She surmises that only the first chapter of his book *The Wretched of the Earth* (Grove Press, $5 cloth; $1.95 and $1.25 in two paper editions) has been widely read by student revolutionaries. "Fanon knows of the 'unmixed and total brutality [which], if not immediately combatted, invariably leads to the defeat of the movement within a few weeks.' "

The mayor of New York City is so well known for his frequent visits to the ghetto and his concern for its black residents that during one walk through a white neighborhood he was hailed with: "What are you doing here, Lindsay? White people live here."

Actually, John V. Lindsay does a lot of walking in neighborhoods throughout his city because he believes a mayor should be visible, approachable, and aware of the flavor of its daily life.

The flavor, and the problems, of New York are the subject of **The City** (Norton, *$5.95)*, which he wrote just after he had been reelected, by what some experts called a miracle, to a second four-year term. Rare among books by political officeholders because of its frankness as well as its readability, it summarizes the promise of urban America—the promise of becoming still greater, and the danger of falling victim to steady decay.

John Lindsay, fully aware of the magnitude of the danger, puts his faith in the promise of greatness.

Frances Cavanah tells the story of American liberties in the making in **Freedom Encyclopedia** (Rand McNally, $4.95). Designed for readers between the ages of 8 and 14, this is not a mere listing of documents, movements, and people, although the subject matter is arranged according to the alphabet.

The first entry is a brief biography

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Announcement . . . .

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What's UP?

In publishing, most everything: paper, printing, postage, salaries. For this reason, TOGETHER will combine the AUGUST/SEPTEMBER issues this year. Publication date: August 15th.

This economy will permit TOGETHER to sustain its quality throughout the year *without* increasing the subscription rate. The rate remains $3 a year, through your TOGETHER AGENT.

The August/September TOGETHER features a personal witness story you will have to read to believe: "Bolivia's 'In the World' Christian" by Harvey Stower.

Alvaro Alarcon, a gentle man and award winning playwright, was once chief of Bolivia's tough secret police. His call to serve Christ and the Church is testimony indeed to the power of the Holy Spirit. His mother was a communist. His father a pro-Hitler fascist.

Today, Alvaro Alarcon, a man of paradox, is a symbol of relevant Christianity throughout troubled Latin America.

---

of Abigail Smith Adams, who became one of the first to speak out for women's liberation when she wrote to her husband, John, in 1776: ". . . in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire that you would remember the ladies. Be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors."

The concluding entry is the story of John Peter Zenger, colonial printer and publisher, who had the courage to publish a series of articles denouncing the royal governor. His imprisonment and subsequent trial laid the groundwork for the freedom of the press without which no democratic society can exist.

This book has the flaw of most traditional histories—it does not include enough black history, and what it includes is written from the traditional white viewpoint. Other minority groups are similarly unrepresented.

Otherwise, *Freedom Encyclopedia* is an interesting and useful book.

Every day that *Sesame Street* appears on our local educational TV channel, my three-year-old nephew drags his chair in front of the television set and sits there, completely absorbed, until it is over.

This fast-paced television series' ability to fascinate preschoolers and teach them at the same time is so great that parents shake their heads in wonder and educators are rethinking some of their theories about how fast and how early a child can learn.

Now the same material the Children's Television Workshop has used to develop *Sesame Street* for National Educational Television provides the basis for **The Sesame Street Book of Numbers** and **The Sesame Street Book of Letters** (Preschool Press, each $3.95). If your community has *Sesame Street* on television, these stimulating books can be used in conjunction with the program. If not, you can produce a surprisingly reasonable facsimile of the program's impact by leafing through the books at a rather brisk pace. They are distributed in association with Time-Life Books, Little, Brown & Co., and General Learning Corporation.

It is hard for a little boy to part with a pet, and **Santiago** (Warne, $3.95) had had to leave his chicken, Selina, behind him in Puerto Rico when his family moved to New York City. But, miracle of miracles, one day he discovered a white hen at the parking lot across the street from the school, and the whole city turned brighter. Pura Belpre has written this story for very young readers, and Symeon Shimin created the illustrations, which are worthy of display in an art museum. —*Helen Johnson*

Fiction

SUCCESS, I have been told, consists in developing some skill to perfection and then never varying from it. Writers, like other artists, tend to find the thing they can do well and do it continually. A novelist as a rule becomes an expert teller of certain kinds of tales, and the reader usually knows what to expect from him.

I suspect, however, that these writers from time to time want to try something new. The experiment often turns out a failure but the writer himself has received some inner satisfaction in exploring a new field. This is by way of a reaction to Graham Greene's latest offering, TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT *(Viking, $5.95)*. It is a book quite different from most of the things coming from this established, well-known writer. I think this is delightful and, so far as I am concerned, a success.

The story deals with Henry Pulling, retired bank manager and a rather dull fellow, if the truth must be said. His life has been dedicated to conformity, and he has remained a bachelor largely because he preferred solitude to an uncertain companionship. Pulling's mother dies and at the funeral he meets Aunt Augusta, a woman whose past is obviously full of adventure and mystery. She is along in years now. Little by little Henry enters the adventure of some trips with his aunt. He goes to Istanbul and finds himself invited to leave the city by the police when he becomes mixed up in some smuggling which he does not quite understand. But it makes life exciting. There is the hippie girl who thinks she is pregnant and going to Katmandu. There is black Wordsworth who seems to be curiously close to his aunt and reveals very little ethical sense and moral standards.

Hovering in the background is a Mr. Visconti who was apparently his aunt's lover and engaged in all kinds of nefarious activities under the Nazis. Toward the end, Henry goes to South America where he runs into the CIA man with his eye on Aunt Augusta and Mr. Visconti.

This, I trust, will give you some idea of the scope of the book and the general nature of what happens to Henry Pulling. It is really a kind of mystery which we are always on the verge of understanding but have to follow along to the end to be enlightened.

As I read this book I thought of John Steinbeck's *Travels with Charlie*. Not that the two books are similar but it seemed to me that in each case the writer was giving a kind of travelogue accompanied by observations of a mature and wise mind. The reader finds himself very pleased with what would have been rather trite stuff if handled by a mediocre writer. I had a lot of sympathy for Henry and, to tell the truth, I liked Aunt Augusta.

ANGELL, PEARL AND LITTLE GOD by Winston Graham *(Doubleday, $6.95)* got my attention with its title. I was somewhat misled but still went through the book and I call it to your attention. Angell is a middle-aged stuffed shirt; Pearl is a rather beautiful shopgirl; and Little God is a prizefighter. This is the story of the interrelationships of these lives and how they affect one another. Each has to compromise with what he wanted, and each is dedicated primarily to the selfish achievement of his own goal.

The thing I liked about the book was the sense of reading a real novel in the old-style way. Graham helps us see some real people who, if not always admirable, are always human. It is not a book to make me stand up and cheer, but it brought me some pleasure on a somewhat low key.

Pearl marries Mr. Angell not out of love but out of convenience. Godfrey Vosper is a no-good young man on the make. Pearl cannot quite put him down, however, and there is that old triangle. Godfrey also lives with Lady Vosper and his responsibility is to drive her car and be her servant and her lover. The book mirrors the times in that there is no real goodness to admire.

I thought as I read this book of the young woman who asked a psychiatrist, "Can't you tell me how to find something to look forward to?" That is what these folks are looking for and not finding. I do not think the psychiatrist can tell very many the answer to this question and, unfortunately, most of them will not believe that Christianity is their only hope.

The more I read books which report life on this level honestly, the more convinced I am that preachers ought not to be discouraged. If there was ever a time when the promises of the gospel are desperately desired, that time is now. If the church lacks a sense of real mission, then, for heaven's sake, read our modern fiction.

THE EXTERMINATOR by Patrick Skene Catling *(Trident, $5.95)* is a satire of our time and especially of our cities, which will give some of us pleasant reading. It has to do with a young fellow who works as a pest exterminator for a company called Sanikill. Faced with a grim possibility that rats may take over the cities, a blowhard Sanikill manager, who thinks he is leading an army of light against the forces of darkness, makes exterminators the white knights of the day. The trouble is you wonder sometimes whether rodents or people are the danger to the city. The book makes us even less hopeful of the future when we see the kind of people involved in Sanikill.

Does anyone know of a small country church in a place that will never be overrun by freeways or housing developments and that has a place for an old, broken-down bishop getting toward retirement? On the other hand, I suppose a fellow who has been a part of the process that has brought us to this state has an obligation to stay with it to the end and see what he can do to bring some light into the darkness. These are tough times. I remind myself of Harry Emerson Fosdick's title: *A Great Time to Be Alive*. Thus endeth the meditation.

—GERALD KENNEDY

Bishop, Los Angeles Area, The United Methodist Church

Jottings

Just because we've never done it before doesn't mean we can't make an exception this time—that is, devote most of a column to a contributor whose article appeared in a previous issue which, for all we know, may be out of your reach. We simply can't resist since the writer (1) on occasions would seem to need all the help he can get, (2) has practically done our monthly *Jottings* writing chore for us, and (3) challenges us to see if we can cram his rather long anecdote into this column.

Man in question is the Rev. **John Robert McFarland** of Normal, Ill., who wrote *What Ever Happened . . . To Morality?* [page 44 if you still have the June issue handy]. A campus minister at Illinois State University, he explains that he sometimes encounters an abundance of life's complex little problems all at once. Thus, like all of us, he sometimes begins to wonder about himself.

"The things that really explain me," he writes, "are like when I pulled off to a phone booth on the Chicago Skyway [elevated toll road] on a rainy evening to check my tires. I got out of the car. The tires were fine. I started to get back in but the Volkswagen door had locked behind me. But that did not worry me because I always drive with the vent window open. But it had been raining.

"That did not worry me for I always carry an extra key in my billfold. But when I had paid the toll, I had laid the billfold in the seat beside me. It was locked inside the car. That did not worry me, for I knew I could telephone for help. But I had only a nickle in my pocket.

"I decided to smash a window. But a VW's trunk must be released from inside. I could not get at a tire tool to smash the window.

"There I stood, without a coat, in the rain of winter, with my motor running, lights on. . . . No one stopped. You know you cannot walk to the nearest service station on the lofty Chicago Skyway.

"Finally, a car stopped to use the telephone on the other side. I weaved my way through the traffic, coming full tilt in both directions. I walked up to the driver's side of the stopped car. The driver seemed a bit surprised to see a pedestrian on the Skyway. He rolled down his window ever so little. I asked if I could borrow a nickle. He politely wanted to know why in the you-know-what any idiot would be borrowing nickles in the middle of the busy Skyway.

"He ended up by getting out a tire tool and smashing a window for me. I drove on to my wife's parents in Gary, Ind., where I was to have supper with my two-year-old. She was already in bed. I drove to the hospital in Hammond where my wife had given birth to our second child.

"This was in the three-year period when I was serving a full-time congregation at Cedar Lake, Ind., and driving 140 miles round trip to Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill., every day. The day this happened, I was late for my first class and did not go. Before the second class I received word to call my wife. The operator gave me Monterey, Mexico. It was 20 minutes before I could get the non-English speaking Monterey operator off the line. I missed my second class. I called again later and missed my third and final class. I would not have had to be in Evanston at all that day. The next day I missed all my classes so that I could get the glass in my car window replaced, so that I could miss all my classes the day after that to bring my wife and new child home.

"The moral of this story is: Either do not attend Garrett, or stay off the Chicago Skyway."

Now if Mr. McFarland's story leaves any doubt in your mind that ministers have learned to meet life's little problems with humor, listen to the Rev. **Arthur J. Kindred**, author of *How to Help Your New Minister* [page 27].

Mr. Kindred confides that he entered the ministry with the "usual trials and tribulations" one would expect in the depression days of 1931. "I took a little church that had decided to close (but the D.S. didn't tell me!)."

He continues: "Shall I tell you of the three burned churches I've had a hand in rebuilding? No, my friends tell me that with that kind of record I could get jailed!

"Shall I tell you of the time I helped a lady paper the bathroom ceiling? And later in the day got caught in the bathtub when the somewhat deaf mother-in-law of the renter downstairs showed it off to some friends?"

When he was pastor at Indianola, Iowa, he "noted that the door to the parish hall was very stiff and heavy, especially with a north wind against it; so I formed the habit of being there as youngsters came to church school.

"One day I called at a home about the time school was getting out. A first-grader burst in, and his mother said: 'You know who this is, don't you, George?'

"The lad gave me a long look and replied: 'Sure. He's the guy who opens the door down at Sunday school.' "

To strike a more serious note, perhaps you would like to know that the idea for *Litany for the State* [page 3] was sparked by a plastic bag of postcards sent to us by the author, the Rev. **David J. Randolph**, an assistant general secretary with the Board of Evangelism, Nashville, Tenn. The picture postcards and text originally were used in district mission work in Washington, D.C., last year.

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THE FRESH EDGE

of night still lingers in the air, and the meadow ahead is deep in grass. Soon the rising sun will dry the dew from the upturned faces of wild flowers; and, later, the morning bird songs will be stilled in summer heat. But he does not think of these things; they are a part of him. He thinks only of another hard day's work ahead, of another crop of hay for the barn, perhaps. He will work, free as a man can be, until the sun completes its half circle and mourning doves call up the hush of evening. Then the horses and the wagon will take him home again, straw hat pushed back to cool his brow—a man thankful for sweet fields and the strength to work them, for the good years of a long life. And when prayers are said, his sleep will be sound and untroubled in the night.

—Herman B. Teeter

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"The impact of TOGETHER arriving regularly each month, especially upon the children and youth of the household, exerts a quiet and effective ministry in behalf of all that the church seeks to accomplish in, for, and through the home."

The above commendation is given by Bishop Everett W. Palmer in November 1969 Portland Area News Edition Supplement to TOGETHER.

He continues: "Homes where the magazine will do greatest good are those where parents are not sufficiently interested to provide the subscription."

Bishop Palmer goes on to tell how, he as a pastor, carried out a method, to achieve an ALL FAMILY CHURCH. "On a given Sunday I took five minutes to speak concerning the value of the magazine and concluded by giving every one present opportunity to fill out a subscription envelope in the pew. At that time, I also invited people to underwrite an additional one or two subscriptions for those families who otherwise would not be receiving the magazine.

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"So we secured the necessary amount of money to underwrite, year by year, the cost for *all* families related to the church.

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"I recommend with all my heart a conscientious endeavor by every pastor in every church to make TOGETHER magazine available to every church-related home.

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